

# *The Australian* **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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**Gentian Hill**



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cables ...



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# the Show goes on

By MAX SHULMAN

**D**URING my two years in New York the state of my finances forced me to take my meals at the orangeade stands along Broadway, and I must say one thing for them—they prevent scurvy. Every other nutritional malady can be had in those places, and I had them.

I also had fallen arches from tramping to producers' offices, chilblains from the reception I got there, and a chronic stiff neck from looking round corners for my landlady every time I sneaked in or out of my room.

I went home after two years. If there had been a mirror in my room, I would have left earlier. My only suit hung on me like a blanket. My eyes appeared to be staring out of caves.

An hour after seeing this apparition in a gum-machine mirror, I hocked all my possessions and a few of the landlady's and was on a train to Grainbelt City.

At home, as soon as I could walk against a brisk wind, I went looking for a job, and found employment in the boys' wear department of the Bon-Ton Emporium. Here, plunging small boys into overcoats, I tried to forget the theatre.

Unfortunately, there is no Actors Anonymous to cure hopeless addicts to the stage.

Before long I found myself acting in skits at the numerous parties the Bon-Ton employees were required to attend—the White Sale Ball, the Dollar Day's Jamboree, the Clearance Carnival, and suchlike bacchanalia with which the boss hoped to take our minds off our salaries.

Inevitably my Thespian endeavors expanded beyond the Bon-Ton. I organised a little-theatre group, with myself as star and director. If I may say so, I was reasonably well qualified.

Three years earlier I had taken a degree in dramatics at the University. More important, I possessed that essential streak of exhibitionism, that vital quality called ham, without which no man can be an actor.

I was a ham actor. My group was the other kind—escapists. Getting onstage was for them equivalent to stepping into a rocket ship that whisked them to magical spheres, far removed from the humdrum reality of their lives.

Elmer Miller as Hotspur was a roaring hero and not the shadow who lurked in basements, reading meters. When Agnes Torkle read Desdemona, there were no greasy dishes waiting for her at the Parthenon Cafe. The Jimmy Phelps who played Puck was not to be identified with the one called "Runt" at the sawmill.

Really, what did it matter if Hotspur's rolling iambus sounded like gargling, and Desdemona's lyric despair was the bawling of a waitress to a deaf canteen cook, and Puck's gleeful mischief was indistinguishable from a high-school bun fight?

It was all good, clean, sub-clinical escapism. It made them forget they were commonplace; it made me think I was in show business.

We rehearsed in a shed behind Schmidt's butcher's shop. Here we also built our own sets, half of us hammering and painting while the other half went out and stole lumber.

Our performances were held in the auditoriums of churches, schools, fraternal organisations, public buildings, and any other place that was allowed us.

At first our repertoire consisted entirely of old plays on which the copyrights had run out and no royalties had to be paid. When we discovered that nobody was coming to see us and the danger of being detected was therefore lessened, we began modern plays, conveniently omitting to notify their authors.

On several occasions we ran concurrently with shows on Broadway; in one case we opened a night earlier.

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Every day Priscilla gained new confidence as an actress, and to my eyes grew more beautiful.

Ron Jackson



From Sweet Sixteen  
to Silvering Sixty!..



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## The Show Goes On

Continued from page 3

THIS was a happy time for me. I won't say that my life was full, not working at the Bon-Ton and living in a third-floor room, and wearing the decomposing remnants of my college wardrobe. Still, I was getting on a stage regularly, and that made up for a lot of things.

I felt no really acute lack—except perhaps one. I wanted a girl. The women in the troupe were dear, earnest creatures, and although I was fond of them and took them on many a pleasant date, Dutch treat, they left my pulse and respiration normal.

The trauma that accompanies true love did not come to me until the spring night when Priscilla Ewart appeared.

We were rehearsing a drawing-room comedy that night, very British and sophisticated. We were assembled in Mr. Schmidt's empty shed, a large, dank, cement-floored shed with a tin roof. Two kerosene lanterns hanging from meat hooks provided flickering illumination.

On a bench along one wall sat the players, except me. I was on the box opposite them with a script open on my lap.

I stood up. "All right," I said, "let's run through the second act again. Places, everybody."

They rose and took their positions.

"Before we begin," I said, "I would like to point out a few things to you. Gus and Billy, you are supposed to be English gentlemen. You are going on a fox hunt. Don't be so grim."

Gus nodded.

"Mildred, you are a dowager duchess. You do not use the same accent you used as Mrs. Cohen, in Abbie's Irish Rose."

"I'll try, Fred," said Mildred.

"Hilda," I said and then stopped, realising that nothing could be done.

Hilda was a large, placid, muscular girl, employed by day as a swimming instructor at the local pool. She alternated as leading lady with Agnes Torkle. In our last production Agnes, coughing explosively, had played Camille. She had also added a sneeze for realism.

Now it was Hilda's turn to be the heroine, in this play a high-born, delicate lady poet. Even if Hilda could have read her lines properly, her rippling biceps would have destroyed the illusion.

"Yeah, Fred," she said.

"Nothing, Hilda. You're doing fine, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Philips, an eager gnome, came forward. "What, Fred, what?"

"Try to remember this time, Jimmy. You are playing the part of my ninety-year-old uncle. That means you move around slowly. You do not run. And you're deaf. I have to shout at you, but you do not have to shout back. Understand?"

"Sure, Fred, sure."

"Okay. Everybody ready? Start, Mary." Mary Odium began the act.

"I wonder where Lance can be?"

Mary read. "He said he would be here at five-o'clock, and it's almost nine-o'clock. Mary worked as a telephone operator during the day."

"He'd better be here soon, Jove," said Billy.

"That's by Jove, Billy," I said.

"I forgot," said Billy. "He'd better be here soon, by Jove."

That was my cue. I knocked on an imaginary door. "Knock, knock," I said.

Now Agnes, as the maid, was supposed to open the door and let me in without a word. But, "Welcome to this house, sire," cried Agnes.

"Agnes," I said, mystified, "that isn't in the script."

"Oh, Fred, the part is so small. I just don't have anything."

"All right, Agnes," I sighed, "but let's drop the sire, huh?"

She nodded happily.

Now my deaf old uncle was supposed to see me and totter across the room to my side. Jimmy came tearing over on a dead run.

I let it pass. "Hello, Uncle Brian," I shouted.

"Why, it's Lance," he roared in reply, his voice echoing through the shed.

"Nuts," I said. "We'll take it again from my entrance. Now, Jimmy, concentrate. No running. No shouting."

"You bet, Fred, you bet."

We resumed our original positions, but before I could start my make-believe knock, there came a real knocking from outside. Annoyed, I went to see who it was.

It was dark, and I couldn't tell for sure, but it seemed to me that the most beautiful girl I had ever seen was standing before me.

"Come in," I said, and when she did, I knew. Her hair was dark, her eyes blue, her lips red, her neck white, her figure trim, and her legs round-calved, trim-ankled. "May I help you?" I slavered.

She smiled, and I was lost beyond recovery. "I'm looking for—oh, there you are."

Hilda had come striding over. "So you came," she said, beaming.

The girl nodded shyly.

"This is Fred Arthur. Priscilla Ewart."

"How do you do?" said Priscilla.

*"A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you mad if it happened to you."*

—Anonymous.

"Priscilla stays at my boarding-house," Hilda said. "She told me she was interested in acting."

"Splendid," I cried. "Splendid." "I asked her to come over and see you," continued Hilda. "I thought you could use her. Naturally, you'll want to hear her read first."

"Naturally," I said. If it had been that this girl could speak nothing but Swahili, she still could have had a part, or anything else in my power to give. But in front of the others I had to appear businesslike.

I opened the script to the entrance of a minor character named Hester and gave it to Priscilla. "Will you read Hester's lines, please, Miss Ewart?"

She stammered nervously through a few short speeches.

"Excellent," I said. "The part is yours."

"Oh, thank you," she murmured. "Thank you," I said, giving her a 2200-volt smile. I turned to the group: "That's all for to-night, everybody. Next call, eight p.m. to-morrow." I took Priscilla's arm as everyone filed out. "I'd like to speak to you, Miss Ewart. Will you have some coffee with me?"

She was agreeable, and we went to a little place where I had credit. I proceeded carefully. Here, obviously, was no girl whom I could approach with banter and innuendo. One look and I could see that she was timid, fine, sensitive. The fatherly technique was clearly indicated.

"Child," I said, "I want you to know how happy I am that you've joined our group."

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," she said, with lowered eyes.

"You have a fine quality on-stage. Have you had much experience in the theatre?"

"I was in a tableau at high school."

"There!" I cried. "I knew it. The minute I saw you I said to myself, 'Now, there's a girl who's been on a stage.'"

"You can tell by just looking at me?" she marvelled.

I nodded modestly.

"My goodness, you must have lots of stage experience."

"Oh, it's nothing really," I said. And really it wasn't, but I stretched it out for an hour and a half. She received it with breathless attention. Then, "Tell me about yourself, my dear," I said.

"There is nothing to tell."

"But of course there is."

"Well—" And she started to tell me her story—childhood in a small town, high school, business college, moving to Grainbelt City, finding a shorthand-typist's job. She told it simply at first, in a small voice, sticking to the plain facts.

But as she progressed, a subtle embroidery became apparent. She was embellishing, improvising, mimicking the people she told about, investing ordinary occurrences with a romantic quality, turning happenings to adventures. She was dramatising.

Suddenly I realised that this girl was potentially as big a ham as I was, and I was delighted. "Baby," I said, taking her hands in mine, "stick with me and we'll show this town a few things about acting."

She looked a little startled, but she didn't withdraw her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," she breathed.

"My name is Fred and yours is Priscilla and we're a couple of hams and I think I'm in love with you. I'm not much of a catch. I don't make a living-wage and quite possibly I never will. There are any number of more desirable men in Grainbelt City, but I am the only one who can keep you on a stage."

"Because of that and because of my manly looks and because we understand each other, I think you'll be in love with me in a very short time. In any case, it's worth a try. I'm not suggesting anything formal at this time, so what have you got to lose? What do you say?"

Her demureness slipped off like a cloak. "Friend," she said, "you've got a deal."

It worked fine. By the time rehearsals were ended, we had a good, solid, above-board, reciprocated love affair.

We opened our British drawing-room comedy before an audience of fourteen people, relatives of the cast. The second night there were a dozen customers, but on the third night it jumped to fifty, and for the rest of the run the auditorium was filled.

It was not hard to fathom the reason for this sudden prosperity: Priscilla. The word had gone out. Grainbelt City has almost no live shows. There are movies, and, to be sure, they abound with beautiful women, but it is incomparably more satisfactory to see beauty on the stage. There is that extra dimension. In Priscilla's case, quite a dimension.

It was clear that I had to give Priscilla bigger roles.

The rest of the company didn't in the least resent my advancing Priscilla so rapidly; they were too thrilled at playing to full houses. We raised our admission and for the first time there was money in our treasury.

Priscilla was fully aware of her attraction at the box-office, and it was like strong drink to her. Day by day her confidence grew. A new note of authority came into her reading.

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# As the Cat Jumps



Unperturbed by the women's cries of dismay, Buffy rose up in the hatbox looking pleased with herself.

**B**UFFY loved hats. Not common place hats for everyday wear. No, Buffy was an aristocratic cat, and her taste in hats was in keeping with her breeding.

She loved best hats put away in handboxes; beautiful straws, the softer the better, and fine felts.

She only thought about the matter twice a year, not more, for again her aristocratic breeding showed itself; she believed in small, select families, quality not quantity.

When spurred by nature's constraint, Buffy would seek out her hatbox as a connoisseur selects additions to his collection. Then she would lift the lid and creep thankfully into its dim, quiet interior.

Her name was given to her because of her odd coloring. She was intended to be a grey Persian, but someone had absentmindedly thrown a handful of buff-colored hairs all over her back. Yes, Buffy was quite definitely different, distinguished-looking.

Unfortunately, her mistress and family, knowing of her predilection for hats at certain times, kept strict watch and ward over all hatboxes until the danger was past.

This time then Buffy decided to leave her own family and look for a quiet hatbox in some more appreciative family. So Buffy set off. She had not gone far when she came to a cool-looking house with a wide verandah. She crept cautiously up. No one seemed to be about.

Not that Buffy was normally afraid of humans. Far from it, though she was particular about her friends. She had the reputation for being shy and aloof. Also, most humans, in her experience, were totally incapable of sympathising with her requisites in times like these. They did not seem to realise that she must have a hat in a box.

The bedroom window was invitingly open, a gentle breeze blowing the net curtains inwards. A garden chair had even been put just below the window. How helpful, thought Buffy. These people know what a cat needs.

She jumped on to the chair and then through the window, landing softly on a bed placed beneath. Buffy could hardly believe her eyes. Never had things been arranged so much for her comfort and convenience. There, in the middle of the bed, was a lovely, large hatbox.

Buffy gingerly sniffed, then, cautiously raising the lid, peered inside. What a beautiful hat!

She crawled right in and sank down on to the softest and finest straw she had ever experienced. She went to work to fashion a nest, purring contentedly at the way things had worked out.

Miss Mabel Lumley sat sipping morning tea with her neighbor, Mrs. Wills. Miss Lumley was radiantly happy, an almost smug look transforming her homely middle-aged face.

For Mabel Lumley had at last "arrived." She was somebody. After a lifetime of honest but obscure hard work as senior stenographer, she was now to be officially accepted into the highest society of her home town, on the outskirts of which she lived.

She had always been on the outskirts of everything—society, distinction, marriage.

But now she was to be received into the inner sanctum. For three weeks ago she had been sent an invitation to the Mayor's garden party. And this was the day.

It would never have happened but for Ella d'Arcy Smith. Mabel recalled her chance meeting with Ella. Mabel had been, as usual, "improving the shining hour" on her daily train journey to town by crocheting a table centre.

The smartly dressed traveller opposite appeared to be taking intense interest in Mabel's skillful work. But, being well brought up, neither would have dreamed of addressing a stranger.

However, fate intervened. Mabel's ball of cotton rolled beneath her fellow passenger's feet. The latter, on returning it, said that she also was a crochet fiend. So began an acquaintance that was to blossom into real friendship.

It was Ella who, by virtue of her superior social position, saw to it that many visits were paid between the two women. Thus it was she, too, who used her considerable influence to procure for Mabel the invitation to the event of the year, the Mayoral Garden Party.

Mabel had kept it a secret from her next-door neighbors until this morning, when she felt she must share the news with someone.

She invited Mrs. Wills in for a cuppa, and was now pouring the story into her envious ears.

"You will look charming, my dear," said Mrs. Wills, commenting on Mabel's gushing description of the ensemble she would wear.

"Of course," added Mabel, "the hat really makes it. The dress would be nothing without the hat."

"I'm sure it must be divine," sighed her neighbor, looking critically at the other. "It's a pity you didn't have your hair cut short and waved. Short hair sets off a hat so much better, don't you think?"

"Oh, Ella doesn't think so, you know, and no one could be smarter than she."

Mrs. Wills refrained from remarking that the handsome Miss d'Arcy Smith would look smart however she styled her hair. Though envious, Mrs. Wills had too kind a heart to prick Miss Lumley's bubble of happy pride.

After all, it was time the poor old dear got some fun out of life.

"You should see it," enthused Miss Lumley, ecstatically. "The finest cream straw, picture style, trimmed with flowers so real that you want to pick them."

"I'd love to see it," agreed Mrs. Wills. "Won't you show me now?"

"Oh, no, we'll finish our tea first. I don't want you to see it till the very last minute," simpered Miss Lumley, teasingly.

"I suppose you'll take the early train?"

"Oh, no, not at all. The 2.15 will get me there just on time. Since

only guests are admitted, there's no point in getting there earlier."

They chatted amiably for a good while. Then Mrs. Wills jumped up exclaiming that she must go.

"Don't forget you have to see the hat first," said Miss Lumley, leading the way to her bedroom.

She hurried to the box and held the lid ready to lift. Mrs. Wills peered expectantly.

"Now," said Miss Lumley, and with a flourish whisked off the lid.

"Oh-Oh-Oh," moaned both ladies in concert. Had the hat's owner been delicately nurtured, she would have fainted on the spot.

"Mioew," said Buffy implying that she was thirsty. She began clambering out of the box.

The two ladies, however, ignored her and her family and collapsed on the bed. Miss Lumley could not restrain her tears.

"There, there," consoled her neighbor, "won't Miss Smith lend you a hat?"

"Oh, yes, she would, gladly. But all Ella's are so distinctive and well-known I wouldn't dare to wear one."

"What are you going to do about the cat?" Mrs. Wills asked anxiously.

"That wretch! What can I do? She's ruined my hat and the greatest day of my life. But it's no good moving her now. She'll have to stay, I suppose."

"Well, you're a queer one! Any-one would think you wouldn't be able

to bear the sight of that creature."

"Oh, I like cats all right, but preferably not on my best hat."

Mabel, being a philosophical soul, quickly recovered from her disappointment. After all, she had managed without going to the garden party for so many years. Ella would procure her another invitation for next year. Mabel had reached the age when no matter is of the urgency accorded it by youth. It was just a question of waiting another year.

She had her solitary tea, and became absorbed in a novel. She was so deep in the story that she didn't hear Mrs. Wills calling until she appeared in her kitchen doorway.

"Miss Lumley, Miss Lumley, where are you? Oh, I thought you must be out. I couldn't make you hear. Did you listen to the 6 o'clock news?"

"Good gracious, I forgot all about it! I was reading my novel."

"You haven't heard, then? The 2.15 to Town crashed head on into the Express. Fifty people were killed and they don't yet know how many injured. Isn't it terrible! And to think if that cat hadn't chosen your hat . . ."

Both women looked at Buffy. She was still in the hatbox, but had been transferred to the kitchen. She looked up proudly from licking her five kittens and mewed sympathetically.

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**Bill and Dougal firmly believed that a woman's place was in the home — so long as it was not their home.**



*"Did you go to all this trouble for me?" Donna asked in surprise.*

# THE WAY OF A GIRL

By PETER PAUL O'MARA

MRS. ENDERTON felt sorry for Bill Stenward, who lived with his small son in the flat opposite. She often said as much to Mr. Enderton and to their daughter Laura. "No one to talk to when he comes home at night. No one to see that they're fed properly or keep that flat homelike. And men are such babies left to themselves."

Mr. Enderton always grunted noncommittally at this point; he never commented. "And he's so young to be a widower! It's ridiculous of him to try to bring that brat up without a mother! I can't imagine why he doesn't get interested in some nice young girl. Someone like our Laura, for instance, who would know how to make a house a home."

At this point Mr. Enderton would forbear even to grunt. Laura was a hearty type in her late twenties, with the appetite of a starved horse and about the same amount of wild, woodland grace.

Oddly enough, Bill Stenward considered himself a lucky man. Mrs. Enderton, and most of the other women of his acquaintance,

would have cheerfully done him to death had they known of this opinion, but Bill was far too polite—and cagey—a character ever to make it public.

He was thirty-two; he was healthy; he had a good job with prospects of a better one; and he had a nice little flat.

Almost anyone, even a woman, would go along with him on his luck that far. But he went further—he considered himself lucky to be living alone with Dougal, his ten-year-old son. They got along very well together, with nobody but one another to please.

Mrs. Brown, who came in every day to clean the flat, and maybe peel a few vegetables for the dinner, was the only one who did not consider his lot accursed.

She was a widow herself, having raised nine children and buried a husband who had been a sore trial to her for thirty-odd years. Now she lived alone and "did for" Bill and Dougal. She was a happy woman, and all three of them were great friends and confirmed bachelors.

"Miss Amazon, from across the hall, was over this afternoon," she told Bill one day, just as she was starting home.

She smirked at Bill's immediate look of apprehension.

"She brought a chocolate cake she'd made with her own great paws. The icing was just lovely—distilled essence of old rubber, boiled for days with a pinch of sugar and a smidgin of butter, and then whipped until it was just right. I threw it into the incinerator."

"Mrs. Brown, you shouldn't have. What'll I do if she asks how you liked it?"

"Same as you always do," Mrs. Brown told him heartlessly. "Look absent-minded and say it was lovely, just lovely."

Dougal came out of the bathroom drying his face and neck on the kind of huge, absorbent towel that is never to be found anywhere except in bachelor flats.

"Need any help with her, Daddy?" he asked. "I can start being a nasty little brat any time you say."

"Don't talk like that, Dougal," his father told him absently. "Help Mrs. Brown on with her coat, and then lay the table. I can take care of myself."

Dougal and Mrs. Brown looked at him with pity and exchanged a faint smile which he did not notice. He was thinking how boring it would be if the Enderton ladies were to start another of their campaigns for his comfort and happiness.

Not, of course, that he had any fear that they might be successful; he had weathered too many such plots in the past to be worried by one more. Nevertheless, they were a little wearing, and he was a busy man.

It was not that Bill disliked either women or the institution of marriage; he thought they were both excellent ideas, and was perfectly happy for other people to have them.

He had been very young when he married Dougal's mother, and she had died less than

two years later, when Dougal was only a year old. It had been more like playing house than marriage, and, besides, it was all so long ago that he scarcely remembered it now.

However, every man has a right—within reason—to his own opinion, and Bill's was definitely anti-nuptial.

Dougal was fully in accord with all this. Women, as far as he was concerned, had their place, but it was somewhere else. Mrs. Brown, of course, was different; she was a good sport, and very handy to have around in an emergency.

Yet, when the emergency arrived, Mrs. Brown was not there to handle it. A few mornings after the episode of the cake, right in the middle of the renewed Enderton campaign, Bill and Dougal woke up basking with fever and so sick they could hardly move.

"You two are staying in bed for a week," the doctor told Bill. "And that's final! I'd shove you into a hospital, but they're all filled with other people who have the same thing. And there isn't a nurse to be had for money or murder. Can you get hold of somebody to take care of you?"

"We can manage by ourselves," Bill said weakly.

"You certainly can't! How about those women across the hall?"

Dying though he felt he was, Bill found enough strength to sit up in bed and look fierce. "I'd rather be dead! I'd rather we were both dead! Get hold of Brownie, will you, Doc? Her number's next to the phone in the living-room."

When the doctor came back from the telephone, he looked gloomy but triumphant.

"She's got it, too," he said morosely. "Everybody's got it."

Please turn to page 36



# Gentian Hill

by

ELIZABETH GOUDGE

First instalment of our  
grand romantic serial of  
the days of Nelson.

*Anthony struggled to sit up, only  
dimly aware of the woman and  
the seamen about him.*

ON a clear August evening, borne upon the light breath of a fair wind, the fleet was entering Torbay. The sight was so lovely that the men and women in the fishing villages grouped about the bay gazed in wonder, and stilled the busyness of their lives for a moment to stand and watch.

Since England had been at war with Napoleonic France the fleet was often in Torbay. Admiral Hardy in the Victory had known the bay well. Admiral Rodney had sailed from Torbay to the Battle of the Saints. Three times in one year the Earl of St. Vincent had anchored in the bay, and Nelson had visited him there.

Yet none of these stately comings and goings had had quite the unearthly beauty of this quiet, unobtrusive arrival of two ships of the line and four frigates.

The last light of the sun was streaming over the rampart of green hills to the west, brimming leafy valleys with liquid gold. There were ripples on the water, and a fragile pattern of cirrus clouds above, and these caught the light in vivid points of fire delicate as filigree upon the fine metal of the gold-washed sea and sky.

White gulls with their gold-tipped wings floated silently.

Half moons of golden water, swung and withdrawn rhythmically by the ebbing tide, creamed soundlessly upon the golden sand.

Into this vast peace, this clear light, sailed the great ships, and for one unforgettable moment seemed to gather beauty to them as the sun gathers dew.

The moment passed. Gently, with slight headway on, the great ships passed each to her anchorage and were presently at rest.

Evening fell. Those on shore saw phantom ships upon the sea now, and those on board saw phantom white villages gleaming along the shore, and after the habit of human kind each man yearned to be where the other was, and saw in the place where he was not his heart's desire.

Mr. Midshipman Anthony Louis Mary O'Connell, on board the leading frigate, was no exception to the rule. At the moment he was enduring the punishment meted out to midshipmen who sleep on watch.

He was lashed in the weather rigging, his arms and legs widely stretched, his head burning, his body shivering from the bucketful of cold water that had been emptied over him, every nerve in him stretched to what felt like breaking point, and in his heart black rebellion, fury, and despair. For he had been treated with the most shocking injustice.

Spreadeagling was the correct punishment for the offence he had committed, and he would have endured it with stoicism had there not been added to it the "grampussing," the sousing with a bucket of cold water; for that, though also a recognised punishment

for falling asleep upon watch, was not meant to be employed in conjunction with the other.

Either spreadeagling or grampussing, but not both, was the rule of the Navy. But upon this ship there was no justice. It was a bad ship.

There were not many bad ships in the British Navy, but there were some, and this was one of them. In fact, in the opinion of Mr. Midshipman O'Connell, it was not a ship at all but the deepest pit of hell. It had the devil for captain, fiends for officers, and an army of rats for seamen.

He tried to ease his position a little and a pain like red hot fire shot up his spine into the back of his head. He groaned and cursed softly but fluently. He had been in the Navy for exactly eight weeks, and in all the misery of those weeks he counted only one thing upon the credit side; he had learnt a vocabulary which for richness, flexibility, scope, and power surpassed anything hitherto dreamed of by him.

He had always liked words and they were now the only comfort that he had.

Nothing in the fifteen years of Anthony Louis Mary O'Connell's life until he entered the Navy had prepared him for the hell he had had to endure these past two months.

He had been brought up in the cultured and queenly city of Bath by an aristocratic and autocratic Irish grandmother, a devout Catholic, moving in a society where a fashionable wig was held of no account if the mind beneath it were mediocre, and where the dinner guest with a violin under his arm was more welcome than one with a pocketful of gold.

Anthony, the only child of her only child, who died in an accident with his wife, was to Lady O'Connell the reason for existence. The very intensity of her devotion had made her give him a softness of upbringing that was about the cruellest thing she could have given him.

The evil influences of school and university should not be allowed to touch him. She had him educated at home by private tutors and she watched every friendship, every contact, with a jealous eye.

In some ways, Anthony's education was not altogether disastrous, for he was well taught, he had an eager mind and was not lazy, and so managed to learn a good deal without the stimulus of competition. But nothing in his early training fitted him in the very least for what befell him when Lady O'Connell died.

The guardianship of Anthony O'Connell had devolved upon Captain Rupert O'Connell, Lady O'Connell's nephew by marriage, and to do him justice he did the best that he could for the almost penniless Anthony. He took him on board his own ship and made a midshipman of him, thereby putting him in a fair way to earn his livelihood, with eventual promotion and honor if he had it in him to attain to them.

Having thus established Anthony he took no more notice of him, and the boy's lot could hardly have been worse. Persecution was the fate of any greenhorn of a midshipman, but the fact that Anthony was the nephew of a hated captain was a good excuse for giving him an extra dose.

Then there was his seasickness, which he could not surmount. And there was the ridiculous array of his Christian names, including the Mary that was borne by all the Catholic O'Connells. He had tried in vain to hide them.

And there was the rosary that he had been taught to wear always round his neck, and stubbornly refused to abandon; not that it really meant anything to him, but he refused to take it off because of the taunts of a handful of dirty-mouthed, hard-fisted brutes.

Lastly there was the misfortune of his age. Had he been younger he would have been one of the "youngsters," little boys of eleven and upwards who slung their hammocks in the gun-room, messed by themselves with the gunner to cater for them and keep their clothes in order, were taught by a schoolmaster or the chaplain, and enjoyed a certain amount of shelter and protection.

JUST too old to be a "youngster," Anthony was the youngest of the "oldsters," and must mess and sleep with the senior midshipmen and the masters' mates in a pestilential den below the waterline, in the after cockpit.

The things that he saw, heard, and endured in the after cockpit were enough to turn the reason of a boy to whom vice and brutality had until now been nothing but names whose exact meaning he had not bothered about. Yet he endured somehow.

There was a stubbornness in him that he had not known he possessed, and was thankful to discover; for he knew that he was not naturally courageous. He held on to decency as a drowning man holds to a spar, and vowed that he would while he could.

It would have been easier if he could have got some proper sleep, something better than the feverish snatches that were all that the

din and stench of the after cockpit allowed. He had slept on watch at last; and so here he was lashed in the weather rigging.

The punishment lasted for two hours; but he could swear that he had been here for four. The pain in his back and head was such that he shut his eyes lest he should be sick; he had discovered that you were less likely to be sick if you didn't watch the motion of the ship.

He lost consciousness for a moment; or two perhaps, and returned from it to that state of semi-nightmare with which he was now so familiar, in which the horrors he had seen passed and re-passed against the darkness of his closed eyelids.

The day the whole ship's company had been lined up to see a poor fellow flogged at the gangway; and he had died. The wretched sailors racing mast against mast when sail had to be made or shortened, with the captain cursing at them from below because the best they could do was not good enough; and then the flogging of the last man down. The day when one man, in terror of the flogging, lost his footing and fell.

These were the pictures actually seen, and there were others that were painted for him by his too active imagination. He had not yet been in action, and shrank from it with dread. He thought he would show himself then for what he was, a coward. He imagined and pictured all the ways in which he might be put to the test, and fail.

*Please turn to  
page 40*





The Australian Women's Weekly  
June 18, 1930—Page 2



# FOR *Bettie* Dickson GLAMOUR BEGINS WITH *Crest*

## the latest...and greatest HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Like all women in the public eye, busy stage and radio star, Bettie Dickson knows the importance of looking her best at all times.

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Gary Horden's

Paris Notes



● Ideal for Australian skiing is the lumber jacket of plaid wool, top left, designed by Calixte. It is excellent in water-proofed gabardine or wool. Buttons up the front make it very easy to remove.

● Carven's rather formal jacket, top centre, is very practical in continuing the sleeve to form a water-proofed glove, which zippers and rolls back cuff-wise when not required. It is pulled in at the waist.

● The windproof, tuck-in jacket, top right, is practical for all skiing, and the cap with drawstring tie shields the hair from all wind. The gay Fair Isle gloves worn with it are always snug and attractive.

● Marcel Rochas makes the sweater, at left, with buttons for the addition of an unusual scarf-type bodice for extra warmth. Black tapering trousers with vivid accessories are the smartest ski wear.

● For after-ski wear around a blazing fire nothing could be smarter than the suede jacket with plunging neckline, at right. Best colors against the snow are French, royal, or sky blue, black, and scarlet.

Dorothea Johnston



COMPARE the edges of ordinary diamonds with "the circle of light" on Proud's

**Multi-cut**

See for yourself the difference between the ordinary diamond (far right) with its unrefined girdle and a "Multi-cut" diamond which has extra facets cut around the edge.



By special arrangement with Proud's diamond cutters, this revolutionary new technique is brought to you at no extra charge. In "Multi-cut" diamonds, extra facets are cut around the normally non-reflecting "grey" girdle, to make a living equator that multiplies the brilliance and sparkle of the diamond. Platinum set new styles, in white or yellow 18-ct. gold.

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Multi-cut diamond, claw set, has mille grain "bow" shoulders with two diamonds. £26/10/-

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**Won't Shrink**  
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**Odourless**

# FOOTBALL IS GOOD FUN.

LEAP for the ball, a spectacular moment in an Australian Rules match.



Football in Australia draws an even bigger following, on a population basis, than Soccer in England or baseball in America.

In Victoria alone, home of Australian Rules football, one person in 12 either watches or plays football every winter Saturday afternoon. It has become a national institution, supporting whole industries—such as clothing and boot manufacture, football making, refreshments—all the year round.

**DIRECT** return to industry last year for such expenditures as uniforms, trainers, masseurs, gate keepers, ground staff, payment to players, and special trains amounted to £570,000. The 50,000 footballs used in one season cost £100,000.

Indirect returns to industry, such as the fabulous sales of hot dogs, pies, sweets, and beer consumed by bar-rackers, far exceed half a million pounds.

League football is really big-time, and the cream of the countryside in all States is recruited for Victorian teams by talent scouts, who are on the lookout all the year round for promising players.

When the selectors feel they really have something, they will find a country boy a good job in Melbourne, get him accommodation, and pay all expenses to bring him down to play.

If he makes the grade he will receive £4 a match (to cover his expenses and time lost in training), as well as a provident fund cover as a nest-egg for him when he retires from the game.

Association football is next in popularity, attracts huge crowds and excellent players. In Victoria there are 1530 football clubs, including League, Association, and Union.

Players are not professionals—except in the few cases where they accept appointments as coaches—but demands of the game are so absorbing that the ace player has to put football first, often makes big sacrifices in jobs, social and family life to keep on playing a first-class game for the five or six years that he remains at the top of his form.

During those few years he is a hero—interviewed, photographed, mobbed by teenagers, cheered to the echo by supporters. Most players are fine sportsmen, seldom have their heads turned.

Many, when they cease playing, are absorbed by industries attendant on the game—as painters, grounds-men, trainers, or coaches.

Record crowd at the M.C.G. was 96,834—in 1938—higher even than that for any Test cricket match. Now, health regulations insist grounds be closed when 90,000 have been admitted.

Police, ambulances, a qualified doctor, and first-aid men are posted at every big match. Spectators as well as players the sometimes patients.



**FAN SWEATERS**, cotton wind cheaters, have ready sale among small supporters who can choose from many stencils featuring leading teams. Here three brothers line up—Neill Brensley tries little brother Alan for size, Brian (in background) makes his own selection.



**BOTTLE SELLING** is big business. Small boys collect bottles after each quarter, sell them at halfpenny each to merchant.



# BIG BUSINESS



**SEASON TICKET** delivered personally by Gordon Carlyon, Collingwood Club manager, to Mrs. Albert Longden, of Collingwood, who has supported the team all her life, missed only five matches in last 46 years. Her husband was trainer with team for 44 years.

The game is tough and strenuous, minor injuries are common.

The Victorian Football Association was established in 1877. League played its first matches in 1897.

Barracking for a team has become a traditional cause handed on from father to son, mother to daughter.

**Staunchest supporters** are often old ladies who have spent a lifetime "following the team," know as much about the game as any man.

Sentimental fervor surrounds old-established nicknames for League teams—the Blues (Carlton), the Saints (St. Kilda), the Tigers (Richmond), the Magpies (Collingwood), the Shin Boners (North Melbourne).

League teams have flourishing social clubs attached to them where membership is exclusive. They have waiting lists of up to 100.

Supporters forgo their big, well-appointed rooms for snooker, dances, quiet drinks at the private bar, an occasional "ladies' night."

Sentimental trophies adorn the walls, are displayed in cupboards. They might include anything from an original watercolor depicting a team of 50 years ago, clad in long knicker-brockers and black stockings,

**ACE FOOTBALLER** named "best and fairest player" for Collingwood last year, 21-year-old Bob Rose (right), works in football factory run by Tom Sherrin, third generation to make footballs.



**PEANUT VENDOR** Les Jennings sells peanuts and soft drinks to (left to right) Helen Spring, Margot Collins, Cecile Byrne, and Ann Forrest. Girls know all the rules of game, come from different suburbs, but meet every Saturday to see Melbourne play.



**SECTION OF CROWD** showing varying expressions of joy, derision, anger, or pain after point is scored in League match. Football is release for thousands of harassed workers who let off steam on Saturday afternoons cheering, hissing, booing, and shouting. Dyed-in-the-wool followers come home elated after win, sunk in gloom if favored team loses.



**WILLIAMSTOWN** player in 1883, 86-year-old Don Murray talks to new recruits Arthur Vernon (left) and Cliff Poole. Williamstown is oldest team in Association, were premiers last year.



**TED JACKSON**, only aboriginal League player (left), swaps experiences after training with Albert Rodda, leading Melbourne player. Jakka Roach, trainer, works out important thigh muscles for Rodda.



**DRESSING FOR MATCH**, three Melbourne players, left to right, Gregory Lourey, George Bickford, Eddie Craddock. Lourey had cartilage trouble last year, still guards knee against injury. First-aid men stand by to attend injured players at every match.





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**'H.M.V.'**

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**Price (including sapphire point and silent  
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(Slightly higher in W.A.)



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So, instead of buying just a radio... buy this "His Master's Voice" Autoradiogram and enjoy the private world of your own chosen music.

When you're shopping to-day you're sure to be near an "H.M.V." Retailer's store. You'll find him friendly and helpful, so ask him to play some records on this wonderful new instrument for you.

With this Autoradiogram you can really relax. It plays ten records in sequence, and, as the auto-changer is virtually foolproof, the pick-up may be handled at any time while playing without damage to the mechanism.

This superb radiogram, which carries the greatest name in home entertainment, can be purchased on the easiest of terms. Leave a deposit, enjoy your own records on this beautiful instrument before the week-end.



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(Featuring the Composer at the Piano)

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(Strauss) (Parts 1 and 2)

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

(Conducted by HERBERT VON KARAJAN)

LX982—POLONAISE IN A FLAT MAJOR

(Chopin) (Parts 1 and 2)

MALCUZYNSKI (Piano)

DA1865—HORA STACATO

(Dvorak, arr. Hejzlet)

DANSE ESPAGNOLE (de Falla)

GINETTE NEVEU (Violin)

(With Piano Accompaniment by Jean Neveu)

DB6119—O SOAVE FANCULLA

(Lovely Maid in the Moonlight)

("La Boheme" (Act 1), Giuseppe and Illica—Puccini)

E IL SOL DELL'ANIMA

(Love's The Spark Which Fires Our Souls)

("Rigoletto" (Act 1), Verdi)

JUSSA BLOMBERG (Tener) and

ELIODIS SCHYMBERG (Soprano)

(With Orchestra conducted by NILS GRENVALL)





● This suit featuring white over black incorporates everything that is new in line, and yet retains the simplicity which is characteristic of the Paquin collections.



● Young French designer Lou Clavery, well known in Australia in connection with The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades, now works with Paquin.

For spring  
race days

THESE models from the house of Paquin were designed by M. Lou Clavery, who came to Australia to assist with The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades in 1946, 1947, and 1948.

M. Clavery is now the director of Paquin's, one of the most famous of the great Paris dress houses. He had an outstanding success with his designs for the current overseas spring collections shown first in Paris and later in London.

It seems to me that M. Clavery designed the models shown here with the Australian spring racing carnivals in mind, for they would all be ideal for such occasions.

— Mary Hordern



● The black bolero on this coat-dress can be worn showing the revers, or closed in this striking way.

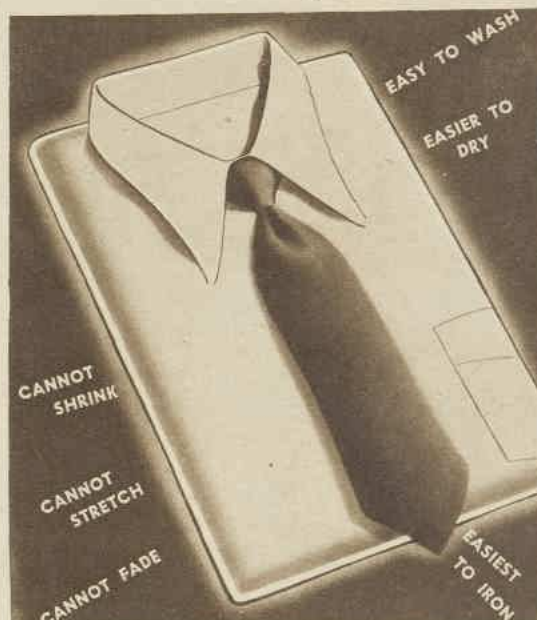


● Navy suit is worn with a vivid green satin blouse, and a hat of the new line, to which apparently we must become accustomed.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1950



Every wife should kiss  
*'Beaucaire'* for this ...



Note: Collar is tailored to take tie, with Windsor Knot.

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**ANTI-SHRINK**

by **Grafton** NOW IN

SHIRTS by *'Beaucaire'*

Grafton's famous Anti-Shrink label is now on shirts by Beaucaire. That means that you have all of the wonderful easy-laundering and long-wearing qualities of Grafton in the shirt that has always been recognised as the first in fashion and fine make. Ask for Beaucaire shirts in Grafton Anti-Shrink at all leading city, suburban and country stores throughout Australia.

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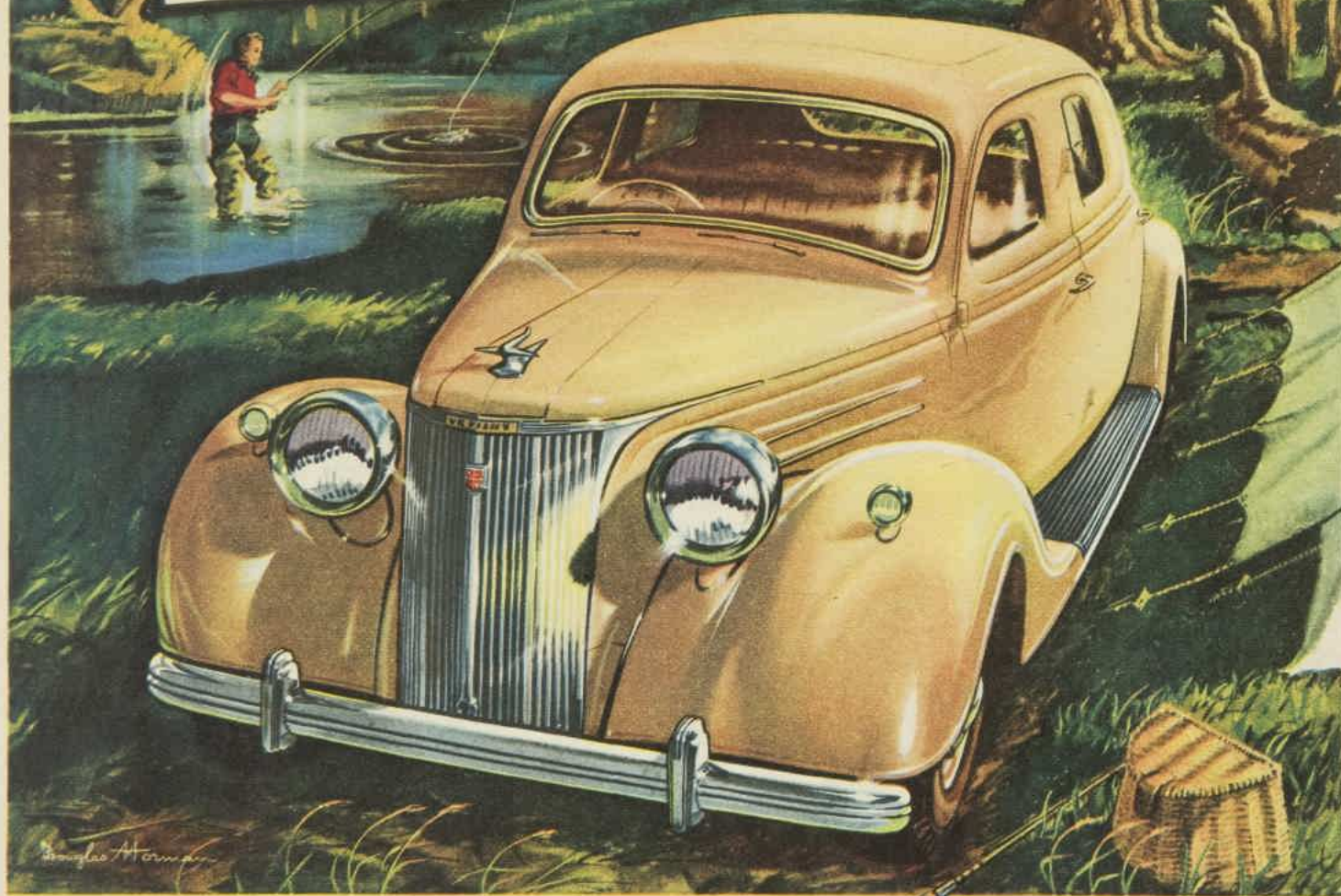
With two separate collars. In white, stripes or plain, soft pastels. A fashion shirt with two perfectly cut starchless collars that iron smooth as glass in a twinkling. Tailored sleeves with double cuffs. Extra length. Extra full, all-over construction.





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**STURDINESS!** Pilot has a solidity of construction and a high degree of engineering finish that enables it to take many years of hard, gruelling usage.

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BERGNER the actress, whose fascinating personality in the films "The Constant Nymph" and "Escape Me Never" will always be remembered by those who saw her.



HUSBAND of Elisabeth Bergner, Dr. Paul Czinner, who directs all her films.



MRS. PAUL CZINNER, or the Bergner only a few personal friends see. In comfortable slacks and sweater she likes to spend quiet nights at home, reading and listening to classical records.

## Bergner would rather watch than be watched

Brilliant actress reserves exuberance for stage, in private life is quiet, shy

Elisabeth Bergner, the "Constant Nymph" of pre-war film memory, is so uninterested in her appearance that if it were not for the clothes her film director husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, buys for her, she would appear, she says, "positively bedraggled."

"There are a lot of things that interest me—mountain-climbing, music, books, and houses. But clothes, apart from stage clothes, aren't among them," Bergner said. "My husband knows far more about them than I do."

BERGNER will begin a short Australian season with "The Two Mrs. Carralls," the psychological drama in which she starred in New York.

Something curiously sexless and ageless gives Bergner the air of being smaller than she is—actually she is five feet three and a half. Her features are softer and less sharp than they appear on the screen, and intelligence and force of character are apparent behind her modest demeanor.

Critics abroad accord Bergner a high place in the theatre of to-day. She is master of a fine technique and has personal magnetism and charm that make her appeal unique.

At 49 there is still something of the pathetic waif-and-stray air about Bergner although she is a woman of established position. Off-stage she is the very antithesis of the great star. This doesn't worry her.

Behind the footlights, people who have seen her say, she has a wonderfully exciting quality and magnetism.

No one who has met her can fail to be impressed by her complete naturalness.

She talks with sincerity—according to her she is "a pretty serious person"—and with an absolute lack of "staginess."

Small-boned and of boyish slightness, she gives the impression of possessing a tremendous nervous energy and resilience. Her actress' physical self-discipline is most noticeable. She never fidgets or makes nervous, meaningless gestures.

In some ways her screen appearances were a little misleading. Screen make-up hid her heavy scattering of freckles. Her hair photographed lighter than the coppery red it really is, and the cameras made her look smaller.

"I wear my hair shoulder-length now, because I think it looks more feminine on the stage," she said.

She uses hardly any make-up, except for her eyes.

Elisabeth Bergner often refers to herself in the manner of European actresses as "Bergner." When she does that, it is the actress of whom she is speaking, not Mrs. Paul Czinner.

Bergner the actress is prepared to be seen from all angles and minutely observed by those who buy tickets to see her play.

Mrs. Paul Czinner seems to make herself as inconspicuous as possible, taking on a protective coloring to hide her from public gaze.

Unconsciously this is reflected in her choice of clothes. In the street she wears mostly brown or grey.

"I cannot be relaxed or happy while I can feel people watching me," she said. "I begin to enjoy things only when the position is reversed and I am doing the watching."

Both Bergner and Mrs. Czinner, however, love lilac and lily of the valley, prefer tea to coffee, and like colors that are "delicate and noble."

Like most people who would rather be at home than go out, Bergner makes companions of her books. "I read novels, verse, biography—almost anything except detective stories," she said.

"I am one of the few people in the world who truthfully say that they have never read one of these. But I will some day."

It is difficult not to smile in return when Bergner smiles at you. Hers is a wide, little-boyish smile, curving her thin lips up at the corners, dispelling the earnestness from her wide-open brown eyes.

At home Bergner wears nothing

By AINSLIE BAKER,  
staff reporter

but slacks. She was wearing dark grey ones (with pyjamas underneath so that she could fall into bed the moment I had gone) and a pale yellow long-sleeved pullover the night I went to talk to her in her hotel suite.

She told me about the pyjamas only when I was saying good-bye.

Manners are important to Bergner in her personal relationships. Her own are spontaneous and unobtrusive. In speaking of her husband one of the first things she said was that "he has nice manners."

Bergner, one of an older Hollywood's most scintillating stars, is herself a great film fan.

"I adore seeing films," she said. "I don't think I could ever get tired of them. The ones that interest me are English, French, and Italian. American ones I hardly ever like."

When a play is in rehearsal, Bergner is nervous, restless, and less and

### She'd rather stay home than go out

less able to rest as the opening draws closer. In slacks and sweater she paces between one room and another going over her lines.

After opening night the tension vanishes. She slips peacefully into the routine of long, luxurious mornings in bed, breakfast when other people are having their lunch, and peaceful walks, sometimes solitary, in the afternoon.

She takes no other exercise. "Walking and music are my two enthusiasms," she says. "I walk out my shoes, and walk out my friends—and still I walk."

It is walking that keeps the 49-year-old Bergner's figure as slender and supple as a girl's. She never diets.

Bergner refuses to admit to superstitions. "I used to have some, like all theatre people," she said. "They were too silly, and I gave them all up. Once, do you know, I used to spit three times whenever I saw a white horse. Imagine!"

Though it may not be a super-



CROWD-SHY Bergner keeps on her gloves at Press conference, hides behind stage gesture.



BROWN mouse appearance is camouflage for high order of dramatic talent, controlled fire.

stitution, there is still something that will not let Bergner talk about things that have not yet happened, but that she hopes will.

Great roles of the theatre she hopes yet to play, the possibility of recovering a piece of jewellery that she thinks she lost on the trip out, the matter of a future home—all these she quite definitely refuses

to discuss.

Bergner does not come from a theatrical family or one that was specially interested in the theatre.

"Yet looking back," she says, "I cannot remember the time when I had any ambition other than to be an actress."

Without great beauty, with a small, undeveloped figure, and the handicap of a terrible shyness, Elisabeth Bergner could not have seemed the most promising star material. She was 19 when she was given her first part.

Then she came under the notice of Max Reinhardt, the great German producer. He became interested in the hidden dramatic fires under the plain little exterior.

In 1924 the promise was fulfilled. She played Shaw's "Saint Joan" in a manner that electrified the audience. Three years later came the part that she has made forever her own, that of the tragic, loving Tessa in "The Constant Nymph."

In the early 'thirties she was

brought to London by impresario C. B. Cochran, and in "Escape Me Never" consolidated her position on the English stage.

Older than his wife, Dr. Czinner, who has come with her to Australia, gives the impression when he is near her of a kindly bulwark against which the tides of the prying must break and he weakened before reaching his fragile Constant Nymph.

He has the singularly pale skin peculiar to certain Continental men, pale green compelling eyes, and a gentle, charming voice.

When she was a child Bergner saw a play of his produced in Vienna, and from afar developed a schoolgirl crush on its author.

She will allow no one else to direct her films.

She and her husband have been married for 15 years and have no children. You get the impression that the highly strung actress and her calm producer husband are all in all to each other.

Bergner says that they have only a small circle of friends. "We both like to lead a quiet life, and enjoy being at home better than going to parties," she said.

"We have many, many tastes in common, but our strongest bond is our enjoyment of music."

Quietly sitting listening to the music of Mozart, Beethoven, or Haydn, Bergner says that she not only becomes relaxed and refreshed, but absorbs the sound as though it were a food.



## "BE CAREFUL WITH THE BUTTER"

**B**UTTER is a significant commodity. A family's prosperity, even a nation's stability, might well be measured by the thickness of the butter on their bread.

*Dictators, preparing their slaves for times of grim endeavor, called on them to put "guns before butter."*

Now, in this wintry season, when hot toast liberally buttered can be one of the minor delights of life, tantalising hopes of butter rationing following the cream ban into the discard make the mouth water.

But a melancholy thought intrudes . . . when was there ever quite enough butter?

*As children, when the appetite for buns and bread was the best of a lifetime, there was always the maternal admonition, "Be careful with the butter!"*

You promised yourself that when you had your own home plentiful butter would be one of the luxuries you'd allow yourself. But when that time came there was a war or a depression or you had so many budget problems you just couldn't be lavish with it.

During seven years of rationing, housewives have dreamed of whacking butter into the vegetables and using again that cake recipe of Grandma's that begins, "Take one pound of butter."

*Alas for dreams! Butter is slippery stuff. The apparent prosperity of plenty of jobs and good wages now is so offset by the high cost of living that, rationing or not, it is obvious we will still have to be careful, very careful, with the butter.*

# She wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

**N**O children's novel has ever so affected the lives of a large number of people as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," written in 1886 by the American author Frances Hodgson Burnett.

It won for its author the devoted partisanship of countless mothers, set a world-wide fashion in boys' clothing, earned for her the hearty dislike of the boys who wore those clothes, and ruined the life of her son Vivian, on whom the book's hero was founded.

Frances Hodgson Burnett was born in Manchester, the eldest of four children of a well-to-do hardware wholesaler, who, through misfortune, lost all his money and left his wife and children facing acute poverty.

Mrs. Hodgson sought help from her brother, who had migrated to America and was reputed to be in comfortable circumstances. The result of their correspondence was that the Hodgsons sold up and set sail to join their rich uncle.

On arrival disillusion awaited them. The uncle proved to be anything but rich, and in actual fact lived in a small log cabin in Tennessee. There Mrs. Hodgson, Fanny, and the three younger children joined him.

By the time she was 16 Fanny had already made one brave effort to improve family finances. She had started a school, using the cabin as schoolroom. When the venture failed she decided to try her hand at writing.

In the small person of Fanny was a driving force that was later to find its outlet in the writing of 40 books, a stream of magazine articles, and 10 books for children.

She wrote two stories modelled on those that were popular in the English magazines of the day, and sent them to "Godey's Lady's Book," accompanied by a note stating baldly, "My object is remuneration."

The editors sent her 35 dollars and kept the stories.

This was the beginning of a writing career that was to make Fanny a wealthy woman. Though till the day she died she maintained a carefully contrived, unworldly, little-girl pose, she had an astute business brain.

In 1873, when she was 24, Fanny married Dr. Swan M. Burnett, an eye specialist, and they moved to Washington, which they selected as a suitably prosperous and fashionable background for an ambitious young couple.

One of her acquaintances from the Washington days has described Fanny as holding her short, plump body so absurdly erect that she always gave the impression that she was going to fall over backwards.

## FAMOUS WOMEN

Her head was so large as to be out of proportion to her small body, and over her bulging forehead she was always careful to wear a concealing curled fringe. In her later years she wore a not very convincing anubus wig.

To say that Fanny became a Washington character would be to understate the eccentric reputation she seemed to delight in building up for herself.

If in stature she did not command attention, her sartorial appearance most certainly did. She wore clothes of the most fussy material and cut, adding, as her fancy took her, an extraordinary assortment of ribbons, laces, frills, and furbelows, until she looked like an overdecorated wedding cake.

Her cult was the little, the exquisite, the fluff.

At her peak of fluffiness Fanny would write letters beginning "Dear Tall So-and-So," and "Dear Big, Immense So-and-So," and end them "Fluffins" or "Fluffianormons."

She must have been really tireless with these affectations, yet there is no doubt that she could exert a very real charm when she liked. She was kind and understanding and generous to others.

Certainly what she liked to call her "salons" — actually tea parties held in the front parlor, opening

**Frances Hodgson Burnett cultivated a pose of "fluffiness", but was in reality a hard-headed and clever business woman.**

from a hall decorated with china pug dogs — were well attended.

To her friends and relatives one of the most irritating affectations of Frances Hodgson Burnett's carefully preserved "fluffiness" must have been her obsession with robins.

She copied their chirpiness and even their walk. But the height of her robin cult came when she went so far in claiming kinship with them as to say that she thought of herself as one of these bright little birds, and knew they in turn thought of her as one of themselves.

On one occasion she wrote: "There was one robin in a garden that loved me. When we were alone, with only roses and bees and sunshine, he told me, I said to him, 'You are a little soul and I am a little soul. . . I love you and love you little soul.'"

Children never found Fanny ridiculous. They loved her and she undoubtedly loved them, and was perhaps at her best in their company.

Her two sons certainly regarded her as their favorite playmate. Perhaps not without encouragement they called her "Sweet dearest" and laid bunches of violets at her feet.



*DIMINUTIVE Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of the famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who contrived to attract attention to her appearance by wearing fussy and over-adorned clothes.*

She clearly saw herself as the enchanting little mother when she wrote: "They had always an idea that after all their mother was a sort of little girl — she was little to look at and had curly hair like their own, and she used to sit on the nursery floor and build houses or play marbles with them and they enjoyed themselves most of all with her."

This was the woman who wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in response to Vivian's request for a story that would interest boys. Modelled on her son Vivian, its hero, Cyril, was a well-nigh angelic small boy, who found that he was an earl and went to England.

Written originally as a magazine serial, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was an astonishing success from the very first. Fanny had written something that might not have appealed to all small boys, but which definitely appealed to their mothers.

Its illustrations by Reginald Birch set the fashion for the velvet suits and lace collars that are still recalled with acute embarrassment by men now over 50 who were forced to wear them when young.

What the mamas of these long-suffering boys did not usually know was that the Little Lord Fauntleroy costume had been inspired by those worn by Oscar Wilde.

Poor Vivian, however, suffered more than most. It was his misfortune to have Little Lord Fauntleroy's creator as a mother. She dressed

him in her own version of the Fauntleroy suit.

Fanny's best-seller was translated into French, Italian, and German. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with its over-sentimentality, preposterous child hero, and general piety was exactly what the late Victorian generation was waiting for.

Its success as a play was immediate. Soon after it had opened in New York, 400 different companies played it in the U.S.A. Elsie Leslie, Broadway's first "Little Lord," played the part for four years. In London Vera Bradford played it for 680 performances.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" brought Fanny fame and wealth, but it ruined the life of her son Vivian. Until the day of his death the public insisted on identifying him with the velvet-trousered boy hero, Cyril.

At Harvard, where he went in for athletics, hoping to live down the tradition of sissiness, the crowd applauded his wins by shouting, "Little Lord Fauntleroy, mama's boy!"

*Continued on page 22*

## HIGH COST OF ILLNESS

THE cost of becoming sick has driven half the people in Australia to join 40 or more voluntary health insurance schemes.

**Friendly societies help 1,600,000 members and dependents; hospital funds cover about 2,500,000; and 85,000 subscribe to medical benefit funds.**

The scale of contributions, the conditions and benefits of all these organisations vary. Some help with both doctors' and hospital bills; others pay on only one type of account.

Now the Federal Government plans to extend both sorts of health insurance to all, and, in the process, to reduce family medical bills by 80 to 90 per cent.

It will build on the existing schemes, which are compared in an important survey in A.M. for June, now on sale.

A.M., with its 12 articles, eight picture stories, and seven short stories, is a must for men and women. Price is still only 1/-.

By GUS







**WINNING GOWN.** Mrs. Noel Vincent is congratulated by her husband (right) and George Falkner, who, with Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, judged dresses at the Wool Ball. Mrs. Vincent's gown was a Paquin original brought back by her from a recent trip to Paris. Prize was a length of material, which Mrs. Lloyd Jones had had flown from London.



**MATRONS WORE WOOL.** Mrs. Ted Bode, Trangie (left), who wore black sheer wool with sequined motif at neckline, attended Wool Ball with her husband. Mrs. Paul Cullen, also in picture, wore grey sheer wool.



**YOUNG PEOPLE AT BALL.** Astrid Nilsson (left) and Meredith Roberts were among the few lasses who attended Wool Ball at Romano's. Proceeds of Ball are for Peter Pan Kindergarten.

## Intimate Gossipings

"**MOTHER** and I made the wedding cake," pretty bride-to-be Ann Berryman tells me when I asked if she has had a hand in it, adding, "but we certainly didn't attempt the icing."

Cake will be cut at reception at Victoria Barracks Staff Corps Mess after Ann's marriage with Bill Willis, of Adelaide. Ann's father, General Berryman, lends sword for cake-cutting ceremony. Bride and her maids' dresses are to be secret until wedding day this Friday.

Ann's attendants will be Judy Stacy, of Singleton, Bill's sister, Carol, from Adelaide, and Pamela Albopp. Bill, who is only son of Brigadier and Mrs. K. A. Willis, of Adelaide, will be attended by John Rischbieth, of Adelaide, David Scott Stevenson, and John Atwill. Couple will make Sydney their headquarters until November, and will then go to Adelaide to make their permanent home.

**SYDNEY** wedding for Margaret McAlister, of Glenowgan, Guyra, who will marry Bob Cameron, of East Gowrie, Guyra, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on July 29. Reception will be held at the Pickwick Club.

**COMMITTEE** of Wool Ball delirious with happiness when they realise £1000 for Peter Pan Kindergarten as result of their organising of ball at Romano's. Happy idea of auctioning wool bales bearing names of famous properties and packed not with precious fleece but with monster prizes nets committee £631. When auctioneer Jack Davey gets going with auction of bales, "extraction" is completely painless while Jack's humor keeps pounds rolling.

Even Jack, however, is slightly set off balance when "Daddy of them All" Falkner sets up imaginary bale of wool from famous property and then "buys" it back again for £200!

**LOVELY GOWN** worn by Mrs. Hector Livingston at Wool Ball. Mari was photographed chatting with Hector McCowan in foyer of Romano's. Gown was pale blue wool with jewelled and sequined bodice.

**SUNDAY** before they set off for three months' trip abroad, Betty Field and her brother Ross serve drinks before luncheon on patio in sunshine to say au revoir to their friends. In afternoon Ross plays final game of polo at Austral, and later Mr. Jack Dudley gives informal farewell party for Ross, when players and "stayers" wish Ross and Betty "happy landings" for their trip.



**SHEEP SHOW BALL.** Ian Reid and Alison Cunningham at Pitt Son and Badger's annual Sheep Show Ball, which was held at the Wentworth Hotel. Proceeds of ball aid Far West Children's Health Scheme.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Roslyn Agnew, of Coolah, and her fiancé, John Pomilton, who travelled to Australia in the Himalaya. Roslyn and John met in Kenya, where John has a farm.



**PARTY AT SHOWGROUND.** Mr. and Mrs. Colin Sinclair attended Sheepbreeders' Association cocktail party in members' dining-room after Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, had officially opened Show.



**THIS THURSDAY'S BRIDE.** Pretty Ann Litchfield, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Litchfield, of Haseldean, Cooma, and Jim Maslin, of Gunningrah, Bombala, will marry at St. Mark's this Thursday. Jim is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maslin, of Bendooley, Berrima. Couple were photographed at Sheep Show.

**SECOND** engagement in Leah family within two months when Joyce Leah announces her engagement to John Seaman, youngest son of Mr. J. Seaman, of Ringland, Norfolk, England, and the late Mrs. Seaman. Joyce is younger daughter of Mr. Frank Leah, of Glenmore, Seane. Joan Leah, who is engaged to Jack Norton, of Wombalano, Walcha, is planning September marriage. Seems that both families are running in the romance stakes at the moment, as Jack's sister Janet recently announced her engagement to Philip Koebel, only son of Lieut.-Col. H. A. Koebel, of Woodbury College, Axminster, Devon, England, and the late Mrs. Koebel.

**NEWS** from England for Mrs. M. Venables, of Mosman, from her daughter Joy, Mrs. John Fowler, wife of Lieut.-Commander Fowler, R.N. Joy writes that their baby daughter Natalie Yvonne, who was born in January, was christened recently on board H.M.S. Protector by the Rev. A. W. Barcroft, R.N., and that the ship's bell was used as a font. Baby's godparents are Mrs. Geary-Cooke and Joy's cousin, Gilbert Venables, of London. As Mr. Venables was unable to be present, Captain Geary-Cooke stood proxy.

**NEWS** from here and there . . . Heather Field thrilled to secure car number HF123. See her celebrating by taking young nephew Roger Langworth to the circus . . . Sue Reading, of Wambidgee, Cootamundra, is settling into training at R.P.A., and Diana Storer, of Aberdeen, has commenced training as Tressillian nurse . . . Pretty Diana Scott Wayne will remain in Melbourne for three months. She has been studying interior decorating abroad.

**BASKING** in the sunshine in Queensland are Dr. Murray Tood and his bride, formerly Barbara Ann Scott, who were married recently at St. Christopher's, Canberra. Barbara, who is only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Scott, of Hampstead, London, was member of Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, Covent Garden.

She met Murray when he was studying for his doctorate of philosophy after graduating from Wellington University. Murray appointed lecturer in English at Canberra University College last year. Young couple will live at Acton Hotel until house becomes available.

Joyce



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Endovax is sold by chemists everywhere, but if unobtainable from your local pharmacy write to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3125, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing Postal Note for £1/- and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free.

## The camels are going



HOLLYWOOD CALLING. Camels which may star in future films rounded up at Wonga Station for 320-mile journey to Cunnamulla, first stage of their trip to the U.S.A.

## Dromedaries taken to U.S. to be trained for films

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

In a search for single-humped camels to take to America, where they will appear in films, Californian Jack Joyce travelled by air in inland Australia, and took a taxi at Bourke for 900 miles at 1/3 per mile.

He is now on his way back to the United States in the Sonoma, with twenty camels aged from six months to eight years.

WHEN I met him in a Sydney hotel, Mr. Joyce was wearing a neat striped suit, a bright American tie, and was smiling broadly.

"Outback I used to get around in frontier pants—riding pants to you," he said. "Usually I wore a lumber-jacket, and a big cowboy hat."

He spotted some of his camels from the air.

"The climate and country out in western Queensland and New South Wales are ideal for them. They run wild in mobs of about twenty," he said.

Motor vehicles have replaced them for transport now, but they used to carry wool bales to the railhead. Some stations still breed a few for work on the property.

He saw one old Afghan on a waggon with a team, and bought the camels from him. Another time he bought a whole herd about 180 miles from Bourke. Drovers took them to the railhead at Cunnamulla, Queensland, 300 miles away.

Others came from Wyola Station, near Quilpie, Queensland, and from Wonga Station in far western New South Wales, where he bought a tame herd raised by Mr. Fred Gilby, whose father was one of the original inland camel drivers.

Jack has been associated with circuses, animals, and animal films since he was a boy.

His father was with the Buffalo Bill show at the beginning of the century. Young Jack watched circus trainers with their horses, and, as he liked horses, too, naturally fell into the job.

"I helped Dad with the ponies when he started his own circus," he

told me. "I've had horses all my life. I've ridden high-jumpers at the Crystal Palace, London, been with Ringling Brothers' and Barnum and Bailey circus, and worked with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a trainer."

"When 'Beau Geste' was being made," he said, "we had to train some American cowboys to ride camels. They spent half their time falling off, because a camel's pretty different from a horse when you come to ride him."

"Loretta Young was in 'Beau Geste.' She had to ride a camel, too. One day she wasn't due to come on the set until the afternoon, so her camel rested in the sun all morning. He wasn't too pleased when the time came to get up. There was Loretta, beautifully made up and dressed. She went up to the camel, and he spat at her, so nothing more was done that day."

"That camel wasn't used again." Jack says animals working in films nowadays are humanely treated.

"In a battle scene when cavalry's charging and the horses are shot down you see them take a terrific tumble. They don't, really. In the old days they had wire hobbles and trip wires, but not now. Horses are trained; the riders give a pull with a rope, hit them on the shoulder, and they lie down and 'die.' It's very slow action, but when you see it the cameras have speeded it up."

Horses specialise in fight scenes—they stand up on their hind legs and really seem to go for one another. You think, "how cruel!" but they are not hurt.

"At San Fernando there's a famous wrestling lion, called Jackie, who plays in jungle films. He rubs at his trainer, jumps on him, chews





PERHAPS the camel-eyed look will replace the doe-eyed look when this haughty creature makes the grade in Hollywood.



BABY camel Mr. Brisbane (above) and his mother, Diamond, will share double stall on way over to the Brisbane "hill" have access to cockhouse," ex-owner Jack Joyce puts it. With Brisbane is driver Jack Williams.



TRAINING camels takes patience and "know-how," says Jack Joyce. Diamond in his only ring came from his wife's engagement ring. He bought her a better one later.

at his arms and legs. You'd think the trainer was being mauled to death. And then, when they've shot the scene, the trainer says: "O.K., Jackie. It's all over."

"Jackie knows when to stop." Jack Joyce is proud of working on the film "Florian," which told the story of famous Austrian horsemasters. "I had to teach Robert Young to ride," he said. "In a few weeks he was riding as well as the other men who'd been in the saddle most of their lives."

Jack, his wife, Martha (once a trapeze artist), and son John, aged nine, came to Australia this year. Jack was with Wirth's Circus as horse-trainer.

"Martha and I have decided to give Johnny a good education first. Then if he wants to he can go into the circus, but if times get bad, there'll be the education to fall back on," Jack said.

"Outback they speak the same language as our ranchers in America," he said. "You could take up one of the little towns in western Queensland and set it down in Montana. No one would know the difference."

Jack Joyce, a man who has travelled in many countries, will remember the hospitality of outback Australia.



CAPTAIN, bull of the herd, photographed at Wonga Station, owned by Mr. B. Gully. Jack Joyce will groom him for animal stardom.

travellers long after his camel-buying business is forgotten.

"Just a camel's nursemaid" is his description of himself for the trip, but he insists that each of the animals has a different personality.

A few of his charges are already named. They are Dainty (7ft. 6in. tall), Doll, Mary, Beauty, Comet, and Precious.

Each camel has been allotted 20lb. of lucerne hay and 10 gallons of water a day.

In case of seasickness Jack will bring out his medicine-chest. He is quite competent to use it, having

trained as a veterinary surgeon at the University of Illinois.

"That's about all on the subject of camels," Mr. Joyce remarked, as he drew out his cigarette-case, adding, "like a cigarette?"

"Yes, please," I said. It was a Camel.

"My favorite cigarette," said Jack Joyce with a wide grin.

Seven barking Sydney Silky dogs, which he sent back to the States by air, will greet Jack when he arrives home.

They are to remind him of Australia.



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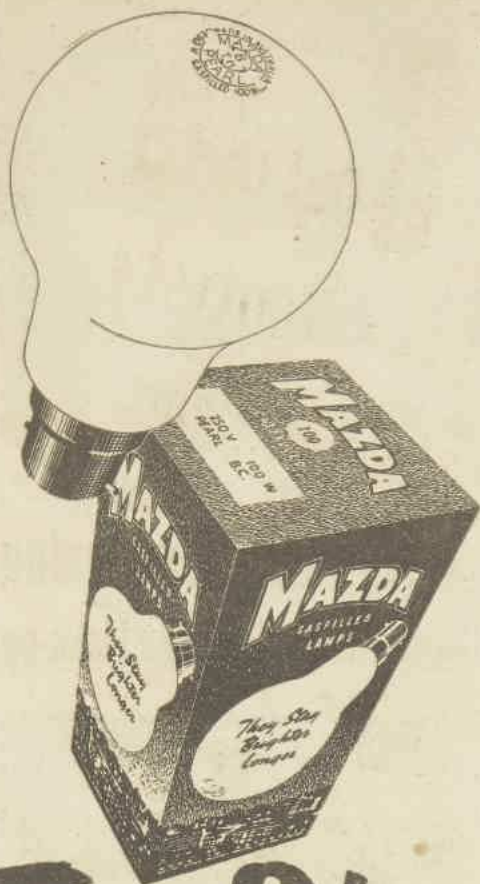
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THE ORIGINAL of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Vivian Burnett, the author's son, who, although he was a good athlete, and died trying to save others from drowning, could never live down the impression created by his mother's childhood portrait of him.

## She wrote 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'

Continued from page 18

VIVIAN'S death when he was 61 was reported in the papers under the heading, "Little Lord Fauntleroy Dies." Yet he had lost his life in a heroic attempt to save a boating party from drowning.

Strangely enough, of the many who were associated with "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as a play, only one, the comedian Buster Keaton, who as a boy of 10 played Cyril, was ever able to make a success of his adult career.

Shortly before his death some 12 years ago, Reginald Birch, the illustrator, is reported as having complained, "They still insist on talking about 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' All my work of better quality is pushed in the background."

It is no wonder that, faced with the opposition of semi-mystic cults, literary teas, and robins, Dr. Burnett withdrew more and more from the furious activity of his household.

There simply wasn't room under the one roof for the literary career of Frances Hodgson Burnett and the professional one of her husband. They drifted farther and farther from each other, until they finally parted.

Fanny took herself and her bows and laces to Europe. There, in 1898, the strange little woman, who seemed to prize so highly the rewards of Victorian rectitude, started everybody by obtaining a divorce.

Swiftly on the heels of this breach of Victorian good taste, Fanny shocked public opinion by marrying a young doctor, Stephen Townsend, who had the romantic fascination of being a frustrated actor.

From the outset the marriage appeared unlikely to succeed. The pair had little in common, and it is doubtful if the trying Fanny could have chosen any other mate as unsuitable as the young doctor.

In 1901 they were divorced, and Fanny resumed the now famous

• Vivian Burnett has written his mother's story in "The One I Knew Best of All." Other books about her are "The Young Heart" by G. Overton, and "The Roman-tick Lady," by W. B. Machara.

name of Frances Hodgson Burnett—less in compliment to her first husband, it would appear, than out of commercial considerations.

It must be remembered that Fanny, with all her preposterous affectations, was one of the most highly paid authors in the Western Hemisphere. She worked hard to create the impression of helplessness and other-worldliness, but it was her boast that she had never had a manuscript refused.

She spent the years following her second divorce in European travel, and by the time she returned to America to live the scandals were forgotten.

Her first novel, "That Lass o' Lewrie's," is considered by many critics to be her best. Later, when she published others, one reviewer said: "She has written her one book more times than it need have been written."

The fact remains that her literary outpourings—for Fanny was a born story-teller and nothing could have stopped her writing—have added happiness to many lives. "The Secret Garden," in particular, has enriched many a childhood.

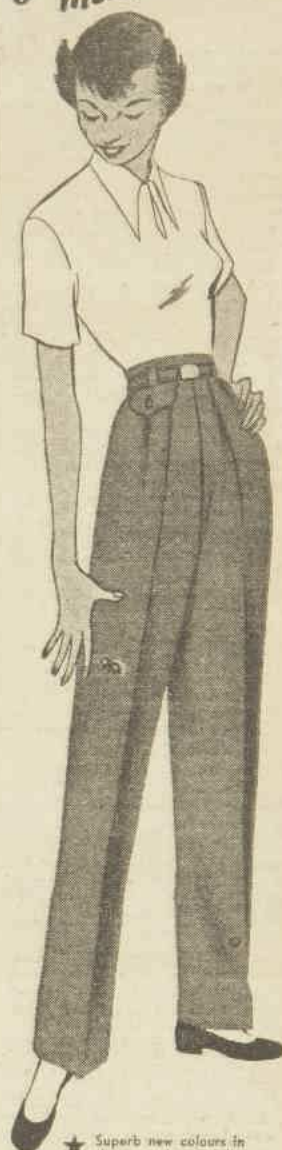
Since her death Fanny has been regarded as the last representative of the "lady novelist." She was never happier than when writing about the aristocracy. The very names she chose for her books ("A Lady of Quality," "The Making of a Marchioness") tell their own story of a mind that remained naively child-like.

On her return to the United States she bought a house on fashionable Long Island and lived there till she died, still writing, at 73.

Two years before she had published her last book, "The Head of the House of Coombe." When she died she left unfinished another novel, a play, and a mass of magazine articles.

Nothing would have pleased the fluffy little woman more than the names of two biographies that appeared after her death. They were "The Young Heart" and "The Roman-tick Lady."

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in the  
"gentlemanly"  
manner



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# WORTH Reporting

STATE secretary of the N.S.W. Returned Servicemen's League, Mr. J. R. Lewis, is anxious that more war widows throughout Australia should know of the benefits to which they are entitled.

The Australian Soldiers' Repatriation Act provides that an ex-serviceman, while alive, can be granted free medical treatment and a war pension for any incapacity related to his war service.

What many dependents of ex-servicemen don't know, Mr. Lewis says, is that upon his death they become eligible for exactly the same benefits. This applies equally to widows, with dependent children under 16, whose husbands may not have been in receipt of war pension benefits at the time of their death.

Benefits available in all States are: A war widow's pension of £6 a fortnight, not subject to any means test. Medical treatment from local repatriation doctors, and hospitalisation for a widow and dependent children in any repatriation general hospital throughout the Commonwealth.

The granting of benefits depends on the Repatriation Commission acknowledging that the cause of death was related to the effects of war service.

A £75 furniture grant is available to specified classes of war widows with children (only 1939 war widows are eligible for this), provided application is made within 12 months of the ex-serviceman's death.

Widows of the 1939 war are also eligible to apply for a share of the profits of services canteens. Grants of up to £26 are made if the need for assistance is proved.

In all States R.S.L. pensions officers will answer inquiries.

## Chain letter revives old friendships

A CHEAP little exercise book arriving in Australia by surface mail from Germany the other day brought heart-stirring to attractive 19-year-old new Australian Aina Abols, nursing assistant at St. Roman's Hospital, Manly, N.S.W.

It was an unusual and affecting chain letter sent from Kiel by Aina's former teacher, Baulis Urdze. After her family left Latvia Aina was his pupil for three years.

Pupils from the Kiel school are gradually scattering all over the world. Aina was the fifth to receive the book. She added her letter, and then posted it by air mail to a former fellow student now in Brazil.

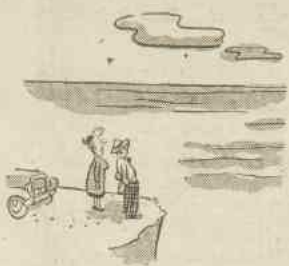
"I told them in my letter it was like a talk with them all, and that the time flies like the wind now that I am so happy in my job, and that Sydney reminds me of Italy, where we were first in camp," she said.

"Our teacher says that all the young ones are leaving Germany, but he feels there will be great work for him among the old and sick who cannot get away. He is training to be a Lutheran priest."



"Up-up-Millicent! Show the nice man how you can stand on your hind legs."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 10, 1950



"So that's the Pacific Ocean—somehow I always pictured it as being much larger."

IT had to happen in a country that already has its book-of-the-month, flower-of-the-month, and gadget-of-the-month clubs. Now, according to a recent announcement, if you live in America you can become a subscriber to a surprise food-of-the-month club and have sent to you each month a special gastronomic delicacy, complete with a brochure giving information for preparation and serving.

## Wedding party models real people

TRADE secrets will be unfolded at the Melbourne Lower Town Hall on June 13 and 14, when the Institute of Victorian Photographers hold their first public convention.

Onlookers will see a real wedding party being photographed when Patricia Sparks, of Strathewen, and William Guy, of Morwell, go direct to the Town Hall after their four-o'clock wedding at Scots Church, Collins Street, on June 14.

Entertaining quiz sessions with prizes will add to the interest at the convention. Amateurs will be asked such questions as "What developing method would you adopt for processing a picture taken on a rainy day?" ... "What color processes are available in Australia at present?"

Fastest color photography expert on the job will be Allan Roberts, using flash gear which works at one-five-thousandth of a second.

Discussing the convention with committee member Kenneth Ross, we discovered that on arrival in a studio most people greet professional photographers with the frank statement that they "would rather be going to the dentist" ... They also invariably say, "It is impossible for me to smile without looking silly."

Mr. Ross maintains that the success of the session largely rests on the photographer's ability to sum up the sitter in an instant and concentrate on conversation which will induce relaxation and a natural facial expression.

Young men if asked to talk about themselves are inclined to become self-conscious.

Sport and technical information about how his picture is being taken are subjects that usually bring light into a man's eyes.

Mr. Ross advises that babies in their christening robes, at about three months, are the best models. Photographers like them again when they have reached the sitting-up stage.

## "Spare me washing-up," skipper says

THE Trevor Tuckfields, of Perth, who, in their 30-foot auxiliary ketch Warroo, left Fremantle recently to sail around Australia, have been planning the trip for six years. During the last two they have lived aboard Warroo in the Swan River.

Trevor Tuckfield, a retired electrician, is the captain, Eve, his wife, is navigator. "I don't know how I shall stand up to rough weather, as I've had very little experience of the sea," she said. "I'm just going along with Tuck. We intend to share most of the responsibility and work."

"Except the washing-up," her husband added.

The longest run Warroo had ever made before was the trip to Rottnest Island, 11 miles off the coast of Western Australia.

The longest stretch without a port on this trip will be the 600 miles between Darwin and Cooktown.

Shirts and slacks are the Tuckfields' main items of clothing, but Mrs. Tuckfield has taken one evening dress, and Trevor has included a dinner-jacket. On their last night in Fremantle the shirts to wear with it hadn't come back from the laundry.

They have a 12 months' supply of food aboard, and intend to augment this by fishing. Among the food-stuffs are three dozen jars of preserves made by Eve Tuckfield. Because they're both great readers, the ketch has three full bookcases, as well as a huge stack of magazines, which will be given away in northern ports.

Warroo is the name given to a female kangaroo by a Western Australian tribe of aborigines. The ketch is the 113th boat registered with the Royal Perth Yacht Club, its number is R13, and the Tuckfields were married eight years ago on Friday the 13th.

A WOMAN waiting at a mobile dispensary for sick animals in a Bristol street suddenly averted. The cat she had brought for treatment had given birth to kittens. When the woman recovered, she said: "It was the shock. I thought my cat was ill. It was sold to me as a tom."

## Suit of the year has Edwardian look

THE "Dandy Trophy," a statuette of Count d'Orsay, the famous 19th century arbiter of fashion, is the coveted trophy of all tailors. This year it has been presented to Mr. John King Wilson, who is a director of the London firm, John Morgan and Co., of Albermarle Street.

Mr. Wilson has designed and created "the suit of the year"—single-breasted, three-button medium grey birds-eye wool fabric, with an Edwardian look. It features a centre-back vent in the jacket, cuffed sleeves, slanting pockets, and an outside ticket pocket. The narrow trousers are cut without turn-ups, and with a raised outside seam, the waistcoat with a notched lapel.

"I don't think men's clothes will return entirely to the Edwardian line," says Mr. Wilson. "But a suggestion of the styles of the early 1900's is gaining in popularity every day."

John Morgan and Co. have been established nearly 150 years. In 1833 they were appointed tailors to The Honorable the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, and in 1834 they were appointed to the Royal Family.

Inventor of the Jay Kay adaptable shoulder pad, and author of the technical book, "The Art of Cutting and Fitting," John King Wilson was at one time captain of the only football team that has ever been composed entirely of London West End tailors.

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## The Show Goes On

- Continued from page 4

PRISCILLA added bits of business—posturings, grimacing, little movements of the hands, tossing of the head, flourishes with a cigarette or handkerchief. In self-defence I was forced to dig into my own bag of tricks. Love is one thing, but business is business.

Rivalry onstage didn't cause our romance to languish. On the contrary, it bloomed. A new level of respect had been added.

A few months later we announced our engagement. Our marriage was set for that unlikely time when we could afford it.

A successful summer was followed by a successful autumn. Business continued good, and our courtship was eminently satisfactory. At night, after a show or rehearsal, we went to the park for a pleasant hour.

On Sundays there were all-day picnics in the country. As autumn waned, the weather turned cooler, but it was not unpleasant in warm clothing. Then one night, leaving the theatre, we saw the year's first snow pelting down.

We went into a cafe for a cup of coffee. "Honey," I said when we were seated with steaming cups in front of us, "I think you're ready to play leads."

"Well, it's about time," she said modestly.

"We're going to do 'Camille' next."

She smiled with pleasure and then frowned. "Didn't you do that with Agnes Turkle earlier this year?"

"Yes, but you and I are going to do it right this time."

"That's fine, Fred. I love the part. What are we going to do afterwards?"

"'Romeo and Juliet.'"

I said. Her face was rapturous. "Oh, Fred, that's wonderful. That's the part I want to do most in the world. Oh, thank you, darling." She leaned across the table and kissed me quickly.

"Then," I said, "we'll do 'The Enchanted Cottage'."

"Oh, I love that." "And then 'Smilin' Through.'"

She stirred the coffee thoughtfully.

"Fred," she said seriously, "do you think you'll ever get promotion at the Bon-Ton?"

"I've been trying, honey."

"Try again. To-morrow, I do so want to get married."

"I will, dear," I promised.

And I did. I went into the boss' office and delivered a fervently persuasive speech. It was probably my best performance. But the boss didn't have his hearing aid on, and nothing happened.

We started "Camille" in early December, and never have I put more heart into a rehearsal. It went more slowly than usual; the other actors would stop frequently in the middle of a speech to gaze at Priscilla and me.

We opened before a near-capacity audience in the Women's Club auditorium. On the second night police were needed to handle the crowds. We were scheduled to run a week, but we had to extend the run for another week, and then another, and finally we decided to stay as long as the demand for tickets continued, which seemed forever. Priscilla was for some reason not pleased.

"What's wrong?" I asked her as we stood in the wings before a performance one night. Her face was sullen. "Anything the matter?"

"No."

"Do you want me to be a little

less ardent? Does it embarrass you?"

"No." "I think you are embarrassed," I said. "You shouldn't be. The audience is nearly all women."

Now it came out. "That's just it," she snapped. "And I don't like the way they look at you."

"Look, Priscilla, do you think I like it when I see the men in the audience go idiotic over you? It's just part of the game."

She flung herself into my arms, and the tears started. "Oh, Fred," she wept, "I'm jealous. When are we going to be married?"

"As soon as we can, honey." I soothed, stroking her hair. "Now stop your crying. You'll ruin your make-up." She blinked back the tears. I dabbed at her mascara with the edge of a handkerchief. "If you like, dear," I said, "we can do something else next time instead of 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"Oh, no," she said hastily. "Oh, no. That's all right, Fred. I'll get over this. I'm just being silly."

"You're wonderful," I replied, "and all the women in town couldn't take me away from you." "They'd better not try," said she ominously.

Jimmy Phelps, running as always, skidded to a stop in front of us.



"Hey, Fred, Mavis Atterbury is here to-night."

"Where?" I said excitedly. "Front row, on the aisle."

I pulled open the edge of the curtain and peered out. There, glittering with jewels, she sat with her husband, Payson Atterbury.

There were two First Families in Grainbelt City. The flour-milling Klugs were an unobscurable lot. The lumber-milling Atterburys, on the other hand, devoted themselves to a judicious balance of good works and pleasure.

They were active in all civic and charitable functions, and gave lavish dinner parties for Grainbelt City's elite, afterwards entertaining with out-of-focus movies of their last holiday trip. Sometimes, instead of this treat, the guests were favored with a candlelight recital of Kipling by Mavis. Mavis had secret cultural leanings. She shared the secret with the newspapers.

Priscilla stuck her head under mine, and we spied on the Atterburys together. Mavis was a woman of forty-five, who had carefully preserved the figure of her girlhood. Unfortunately, it was no good then. Her eyes were enormous, her nose, mouth, and chin tiny.

Payson was long, extravagantly freckled, and cadaverous. He was smiling now, showing long backteeth, nodding eagerly, hovering over Mavis to catch every word.

"Come on," I said to Priscilla.

"Curtain time."

"You keep away from that Mavis," she warned. "She collects pretty little boys like you."

"Relax, Camille," I said.

The curtains parted, and the show was on.

"Look at her looking at you," whispered Priscilla during the first of our many embraces in the play.

"Who?"

"You know who, Mavis."

"Don't be silly."

In the middle of the next embrace she snarled, "I bet she comes back to your dressing-room after the show."

"Who?"

"You know who."

"Don't be silly."

While we took our bows at the end of the play, Priscilla said between clenched teeth, "I'll scratch her eyes out."

"Don't be silly," I said.

In my dressing-room, removing the last of the make-up from behind my ears, I heard a knock on the door. I opened it. There stood Mavis and Payson Atterbury. "Hello," I said.

"Mr. Arthur, I'm Mavis Atterbury," she said, "and this is my husband."

"I'm her husband," said her husband.

"How do you do?" I said, casting a nervous glance at Payson.

"I came back to tell you how much I enjoyed your performance," she gushed.

"Thank you," I said.

"She enjoyed your performance," said Payson.

"I've been meaning to write you a note for a long time," Mavis continued, "but I'm glad it happened this way. So delightfully informal, don't you think?"

I was watching Payson. He kept his eyes on his wife's lips, grinning and nodding eagerly with every word she spoke.

"Yes," I said.

"I wanted to tell you how grateful I am—how grateful we all are—for what you're doing for Grainbelt City."

Payson's head was going like a bobbin.

"We do so appreciate your bringing us all these fine dramas. We know how much work it's been for you."

I hear a tapping noise in the corridor. Looking behind the Atterburys, I could see Priscilla standing with arms akimbo, her toe pounding an angry staccato.

"It's nothing," I said. "Well, thanks for dropping in."

"And now, if you'll let me," Mavis went on, "I want to do something for you."

The tapping stopped. I saw Priscilla turn and stalk angrily away.

"It's nothing," I repeated quickly. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have an engagement."

"I'd like to build you a permanent theatre," said Mavis.

"I don't know what to say," I said truthfully.

"I have just the place," she went on. "There's a guest-house on our estate that we never use. I'm sure it could be made suitable."

This was too much. A theatre of our own. No more rehearsing in Schmidt's shed. No more playing in nondescript, catch-as-catch-can auditoriums.

"If you'll drop in to-morrow for cocktails, I can show it to you," said Mavis. "Shall we say at five?"

"Yes, certainly," I said.

She gave me her hand. "Au revoir, then."

"She speaks French," said Payson proudly.

Please turn to page 26



# Job of world rank for Australian woman lawyer

## Mary Tenison Woods' first brief awakened life interest in child welfare

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Inspiration behind the distinguished career of Australia's Mary Tenison Woods, new chief of the Status of Women Section of the Human Rights Division of the United Nations, is her 23-year-old, delicate son, Mac.

Mrs. Tenison Woods, who has given years of service to Australia as a sociological lawyer, has always fought strenuously for reform in child welfare. "After Mac was born it became the love of my life," she said. "I came to feel that any child could become a delinquent, even, but for the grace of God, my own red-haired son."

WHEN Mrs. Tenison Woods' appointment to one of the top world jobs for women was announced, she was under an anaesthetic at a Sydney hospital, having an impacted wisdom tooth removed.

While congratulations poured into her home and office, she nursed her aching jaw in hospital and instructed Mac not to let anyone know where she was in case hospital employees were disturbed by the flood of congratulatory messages for her.

A neat woman, with small features, red-brown hair, and a clear speaking voice, Mary Tenison Woods has a terror of sounding "terribly important."

"I'll really cut up rough, as they say, if you make me sound a fussy, self-important person," she told me when I interviewed her on her appointment.

Born Mary Nitson, in Adelaide, she was the first woman to take her law degree in South Australia, and the first woman called to the Bar in that State. That was in 1917, when she was 21 years old.

Her first brief took her to the Adelaide Children's Court and started her active interest in child welfare.

"I waited round all morning at the Children's Court for my case to be called, and I was shocked by what I saw," said Mrs. Tenison Woods, recalling that day in 1917.

"The Court was little more than an off-shoot of the general Police Court, and frightened little children

were treated as adult criminals, being called on to plead guilty or not before His Sovereign Majesty, and so forth.

"I got interested in child welfare right away, and that interest increased with the years."

With the help and support of churches, Y.W.C.A., and other women's organisations, and aided financially by a grant she secured from the United States Carnegie Corporation, she succeeded in having the Adelaide Children's Court reconstituted, with a special magistrate who had the right qualifications for the job.

Mrs. Tenison Woods—the name is not hyphenated—and Mac live in the ground-floor flat of a charming old Kirribilli house overlooking Sydney Harbor.

Because of his health Mac will not accompany his mother abroad, and during her absence a close friend, the Hon. Camilla Wedgwood, former principal of the Sydney University Women's College, will take over the flat and keep the home fires burning for Mac.

The appointment is for three years, but Mrs. Tenison Woods does not know if she will stay so long. At present, she has agreed to stay a minimum of 12 months. She does not want to leave Mac for too long, and feels the severe New York winter would not agree with him.

Although her work as legal editor of a Sydney publishing firm—she is the author of a number of legal text books—and her duties as honorary legal adviser to a number of women's



"MAC" the son who has been an inspiration to his mother, Mary Tenison Woods, noted lawyer.

organisations leave her little spare time, Mary Tenison Woods has one absorbing hobby.

"It's cooking," she told me. "I'm the only person I know who can read a cookery book for pleasure. I have a long shelf full of cookery books and I still believe that some day I will have the time to read them all."

When she takes up her appointment at Lake Success on July 3, in succession to the brilliant Madame Menin, of India, Mrs. Tenison Woods will have to travel widely and take an expert's interest in women's affairs the world over.

She is not a good traveller. "I love it, but it doesn't love me," she declared.

"I get violently air-sick and seasick, but I have high hopes of a drug a medical friend recently brought back from overseas; I used it recently while flying over New South Wales, and it worked."

Mrs. Tenison Woods was in England for seven months in 1946 study-



DISTINGUISHED AUSTRALIAN Mrs. Mary Tenison Woods, who leaves soon for Lake Success to take over her U.N. appointment.

ing child welfare, but this will be her first visit to America.

Her duties at Lake Success will be many. They will include the supervision of a small professional staff carrying out the works programme established by the Commission on the Status of Women and other sections of the United Nations.

"The Chief of the Section—that's me—advises on all matters which relate to the status of women and

is required to attend meetings of various official organisations both in the United States and abroad," she said.

Mrs. Roosevelt, whom Mrs. Tenison Woods met when she was in Australia, is chairman of the Human Rights Commission.

While she thinks there is a "terrific amount" to be done both by and for women throughout the world, Mrs. Tenison Woods does not believe that progressive women necessarily strike opposition from men.

"I was the only girl at law school during my student days, and fellow-students treated me splendidly," she said.

"Personally, I have never come up against sex discrimination in any walk of life, although it definitely does exist."

While in England in 1916, Mrs. Tenison Woods stayed for a few days with Miss Mabel Tenison, the only surviving member of the Tenison family, at the family home, Yokes Court, Kent.

She hopes to visit there again. "The newest part of Yokes was built in the fourteenth century and I love the place," she said.

In the early days of Queen Victoria, Henriette St. Eloi Tenison married James Dominic Woods, Queen's Counsel, and, by Royal Letters Patent, approved by the College of Heralds, their descendants assumed the name Tenison Woods.

Mac is Julian Tenison Woods, but the last Julian Tenison was killed in the Battle of Jutland, and because he was the last of a noble family, a plaque was put up in lovely Canterbury Cathedral to his memory.

One of the early Tenisons, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, conducted Nell Gwyn's burial service and found her "truly repentant."

## Pedal pushing gets English family around

From our London office

TRANSPORT problems were solved for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Willmott and their small sons, of Little Snoring, Norfolk, England, when Mrs. Willmott suggested a cycle built for four.

There is only one bus a week from the village of Little Snoring to the nearest town, and, as this runs on Thursdays, the Willmotts were immobilised at week-ends.

They decided that cycles were the only way out of the difficulty.

The family, consisting of Stan, on his bicycle, with Keith, aged five, sitting on a special saddle in front of him; Mrs. Willmott, on her bicycle, and David, aged seven, on his miniature model, were riding over some crossroads one evening when a car missed David by inches.

"If only we could have a bicycle for four," sighed Mrs. Willmott, "it would save such a lot of worry with the children."

At first Mr. Willmott laughed at the idea, but one day while the family were on holiday at Great Yarmouth they saw, at the front, a

three-wheeled cycle with two people riding side by side.

"If there can be a three-wheeled cycle, why shouldn't there be a four-wheeler?" asked Mrs. Willmott, and when they returned home Mr. Willmott wrote to a London firm of

bicycle manufacturers and asked if one could be made for them.

"Unfortunately the first two efforts had to be scrapped because they were not really roadworthy, but the third attempt has proved a success."

"The machine is easy running,

the seats are far more comfortable than an ordinary bicycle saddle, and the whole is so perfectly balanced that seven-year-old David can take it out on to the road without any effort," said Mrs. Willmott.

"At first we found that the forward push on the pedals gave us stiff knees, but this soon wore off, and now we can comfortably do 50 miles in a day—we have done 70—whereas before, when David was riding his own small bicycle, we could never do more than eighteen."

"You can imagine the stir this bicycle makes wherever we go," said Mr. Willmott. "Some folks just stand and roar with laughter, others look as though they think we are crazy, while others again just stare and stare, with their eyes popping out of their heads."

"The first time we passed through the little Norfolk village of Lethington windows shot up, doors were flung open, and people tore into the main street to see us sail by."

Keith, the youngest Willmott, rides as a passenger at the moment, as his legs are not long enough to reach the pedals. He is strapped into his seat, but he much prefers it to being perched up on the front of his father's bike.



MR. STAN WILLMOTT, of Little Snoring, in Norfolk, England, enjoying an outing with his wife and two children on the family cycle which was built to his own design.



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## The Show Goes On

Continued from page 24

WHEN the Atterburys had gone, I ran down the corridor looking for Priscilla, but she was nowhere about. It was just as well. I wanted to be alone to think about the wonderful windfall. I knew Priscilla would get over her anger when she heard the news.

But lying in bed at home, I began to feel a little uneasy. There was a catch somewhere, there must be. Not Priscilla's wild theory about Mavis being interested.

In a little while it came to me: Mavis wanted to act. She was above joining the group in our present lowly condition, but with the prestige of our own theatre it would not be below her station. Well, one more bad actor in the troupe could hardly be noticed... especially one who wanted to donate a theatre.

Promptly at five the next day I knocked on the bronze door of the Atterbury house in the most exclusive suburb of Grainsbelt City. The butler, a genuine English import, let me in. A few stalactites, and the foyer would have made an excellent tourist attraction. I trusted the butler with my name, and he carried it gingerly to his employer.

In a moment she came clattering across the marble floor to greet me. Payson was at her side, his long neck twisted so he could see her face.

"So good of you to come," she cried, seizing my hand. "Leave your coat on. We'll go right over and see the guest-house. I know how busy you must be."

I followed them outside and across the garden. Payson, never taking his eyes off her face, stumbled a dozen times over hedges and statuary but didn't even break his stride.

"Here it is," said Mavis.

I sucked in my breath. It was built of brick, three stories high, about seventy-five acres, at least two hundred feet deep.

"We'll tear out the walls inside," said Mavis, "put in a four-hundred-seat auditorium. That's about right, don't you think? Intimate."

I nodded, dumbly.

"We'll build the dressing-rooms upstairs. If there isn't enough room we can add a wing. We'll see. In the basement we can have the workshop for making sets and things like that. Payson has electric saws and all kinds of tools at the mill, and, of course, he'll supply all the material you need."

Payson nodded ecstatically.

"We'll have the costume department in the basement, too. Will three seamstresses be enough? We can always get extra help when we need it. Let me know what kind of lighting equipment you'll want. And anything else. Should we have an organ? Or do you think a string orchestra would be nicer?"

She had turned me around now and was leading me gently back to the house. "I want to have a tremendous lounge downstairs. We'll serve coffee between the acts. Champagne on opening nights, of course. How about murals? Nothing garish, naturally, but something colorful. With a motif, don't you know? Perhaps scenes from the ancient Greek theatre. Or Elizabethan."

We entered the house. I was steered to a magnificent drawing-room, where my coat was removed and I was lowered into a chair. A Martini materialised in my hand. I drank it at a gulp and felt instantly steadier.

"Mrs. Atterbury," I said, "this is too good to be true."

"We must reward our artists," she replied stoutly, and Payson's head marked each word like a bouncing ball.

It didn't matter, but I wanted to know anyhow. "Mrs. Atterbury, do you want to act in our productions?"

She gave me a laugh about as genuine as the wave in her hair.

"What an enchanting idea!"

"Hm," I said.

"Oh, I might take a small role once in a while," she put in quickly. "It would be gay."

"Ah," I said.

"What plays are you planning to do?"

"Romeo and Juliet' next. Then 'The Enchanted Cottage' and 'Smilin' Through'."

"Maybe I'll do a bit in one of those. We'll talk about it later. Right now there's so much to be done. Work starts to-morrow. Payson — she laid a hand on his arm, and he quivered like a love-starved spaniel — is sending a team from his mill to get on with everything. They should be finished in about six weeks."

I accepted another Martini.

"Naturally," said Mavis, "I want you to be in charge of everything. This is to be your theatre, and everything must be the way you want it. You'd better be here bright and early to-morrow morning."

"But I have a job."

She smiled enigmatically and tapped me on the knee. "Payson," she said.

He trotted obediently to an inlaid escritoire, opened a drawer, and returned with a legal-looking document.

"What is that?" I asked.

"That," said Mavis, "is a three-year contract for you to be star and director of the little theatre, full time."

At that, the Martini went down, including the olive. With an effort I saved the glass.

"Give me a pen," I croaked. I signed with a shaking hand. "I can't thank you enough."

"I did it for Grainsbelt City," said Mavis, and Payson's lip vibrated with emotion.

"I must go," I said, remembering the time. "Show to-night, you know."

"I'll see you in the morning," said Mavis.

Payson got my coat and saw me to the door.

"Your wife," I said as we trekked across the foyer, "is a remarkable woman."

"She is," he agreed vigorously. "Beautiful, intelligent, sensitive, kind, artistic, sweet, generous, talented, exciting, resourceful, imaginative, radiant. I often wonder why she married me."

Couldn't be the money, I thought. Aloud I said, "I can't tell you how much I appreciate the theatre."

Payson stopped. "I'll be frank, Mr. Arthur. I'd never say this to my wife, but I don't want the theatre. Mavis and I were going to take a world cruise this year. We haven't been alone together in twenty years, not since our honeymoon. Now, of course, there won't be any trip."

"Remember," I said, giving him a manly pat, "she's doing it for Grainsbelt City."

"She's so generous," said Payson, "and beautiful and intelligent and sensitive and kind and —"

I left him with his adjectives and raced to the Women's Club. I went immediately to Priscilla's dressing-room.

I poured out the whole story to Priscilla. She listened silently, her eyes hard and suspicious even after I had finished.

"Well, aren't you happy?" I asked.

"She's got you now. You're really hooked now."

"For Pete's sake, Priscilla, be sensible. Don't you realise what this means? We can be married now."

Please turn to page 27

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 10, 1950



**P**RICILLA'S eyes softened for a moment and then were steady again. "That remains to be seen," she said. "Will you still want to marry me? Will she let you?"

"Priscilla, you don't make sense. There's nothing between Mrs. Atterbury and me; there never could be. It's ridiculous, the very thought of it. All this woman means to me is an opportunity to do the two things I want most—marry you and have a decent theatre."

"Think of it, Priscilla—a theatre with a big stage, good sets, good lights, good costumes, all the equipment we need. Think of the fun it will be, working in a place like that. Think of doing 'Romeo and Juliet' in this wonderful new theatre. Picture yourself in white silk, a sequin cap on your hair, a soft-blue spot on you, with maybe a little amber to bring out your coloring."

I was on the right track; her eyes were thawing rapidly.

"You've just come out on the balcony, a vision in white. The audience is quiet, no coughing, no rustling of programmes, not a sound. The lights come up a little, highlighting your cheeks and forehead."

Gently, gently, not to break the spell, I gathered her in my arms. We stood clasped silently for a moment.

"Better get changed," she said softly. "It's almost curtain time."

That was the last night of "Camille." I ended the run so I could devote myself exclusively to the new theatre.

I saw almost nothing of Priscilla during these weeks. I suppose I saw a great deal of Mavis, but I never really noticed. The first day, she told me I had carte blanche to supervise the job; and I took her at her word.

The morning the last seat was being bolted down, I stood in the auditorium and glowed. It was the best little theatre in the country, and I was in complete charge.

A hand stole into mine. The hand pressed, and I in my warm reverie returned the pressure.

"Isn't it wonderful, Fred?" The

## The Show Goes On

Continued from page 26.

voice was Mavis'. I dropped the hand. "Hello, Mrs. Atterbury," I said.

"Fred, I've told you before. You're to call me 'Mavis.' You call all your other actresses by their first names, don't you?"

"Yes. This theatre is magnificent, Mrs. Atterbury."

"Fred!" There was mock despair in her eyes.

"Well, I think I'll go home and sleep for a couple of days," I said.

"You'd better be up by to-morrow evening. You're guest of honor at a dinner-party I'm giving."

"Oh," I said. "That's grand, Mrs. Atterbury."

"Mavis, Fred, I want you to treat me just as you treat all the other actresses."

Now it penetrated. "Have you decided to take a part in one of the plays?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Which one?"

"Romeo and Juliet."

Well, that's not so bad, I thought.



"Light?"

She won't even need make-up to play Juliet's nurse.

"I've decided to play Juliet."

"Oh, no," I howled. "You can't."

"Why can't I?"

"I've promised the part to some one else."

"Fred, I don't want to be unpleasant, but I'm going to play Juliet."

"Mrs. Atterbury, I don't want to be unpleasant either, but I'm the director. I've got a contract."

"Perhaps you haven't read your contract carefully, Fred. There's a clause that says I can play any part I choose in any production."

Luckily there was a seat nearby. She was right; I hadn't read the contract carefully.

"I want you to announce at the dinner to-morrow that I am playing Juliet. I'll see you then." She left.

I rose at last from the seat. Grim as the prospect loomed, Priscilla had to be told. I phoned her at the office and arranged to meet her for lunch in the coffee-shop where I had taken her the first night.

I tried in vain to think of an easy way to break the news.

"When do we start rehearsing 'Romeo and Juliet'?" she asked.

I took a deep breath and told her.

Her coffee cup smashed down on the saucer. "She's not going to do it," Priscilla declared in a voice quivering with fury.

"Priscilla, calm yourself. People are looking at us."

"I don't care. I'm going to play Juliet."

"Priscilla, isn't it more important for me to hold this job so we can get married than for you to play Juliet? Do you love me or don't you?"

"Yes, I do, even if you are a great fool, and that's why I must play Juliet."

"I don't get it."

"Of course you don't. You've been an idiot from the beginning. Her whole plot was to play Juliet. She wants to get you on a stage in front of everybody and hold you and kiss you and have you kiss her back and show everybody that she's bought you and owns you. Don't you see?"

"That's fantastic," I said. "Now just forget it. She's going to play Juliet, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"I can do this," I flushed and trembling, she took off her ring and laid it in front of me. "If she plays Juliet you keep that."

**E**XIT Priscilla, fuming. I was numb, and that's why I had to sit there at the table until almost four o'clock before I hit on a way out of my dilemma.

Mavis gave a fulsome introduction at the banquet the next evening: "Brilliant young actor-director... unselfish devotion... untiring efforts..."

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said to the high-income bosoms around the oak table, "with the generosity for which she is justly famous, Mrs. Atterbury has given me too much credit. The theatre is all hers, from conception to completion."

Applause. "In addition to being a woman of great civic virtue, Mrs. Atterbury is also a perfect wife. Never has there been a marriage more blissful, more filled with devotion and love than that of Mavis and Payson Atterbury."

"Now," I said, "I have a couple of surprises. First, in the production of 'Romeo and Juliet,' which will open the new theatre, Mavis Atterbury has consented to play Juliet."

Deafening applause.

I held up my hand for silence. "The second surprise is even bigger as it will come as a surprise even to Mrs. Atterbury. We agreed not to tell her until to-night. By 'we' I mean Payson Atterbury and me."

"Ladies and gentlemen, although I had been scheduled to play Romeo in 'Romeo and Juliet,' it occurred to me that it was infinitely more fitting for these star-crossed lovers to be played by a pair of real lovers. It gives me great pleasure to announce that I have persuaded Payson Atterbury to replace me as Romeo."

The guests exchanged incredulous looks for a moment, and then the hands began to flail.

Shortly after dinner Mavis complained of a sick headache and went upstairs. The next day she announced that the state of her health demanded that she leave immediately on a world cruise.

Priscilla and I were married on the last night of "Romeo and Juliet." Mavis didn't send us a wedding present. But Payson did.

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**PART VIII**  
*The Little Princesses*  
By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD



AT NINETEEN Princess Elizabeth attended many dances, but although very much in love she and Prince Philip were very discreet, rarely danced together. Here, in centre, she is partnered by Captain Lord Rupert Nevill at the Royal and Merchant Navy Ball in 1945.

MARGARET continued her regular daily lessons with me up to the time she departed for South Africa with her father and mother in 1947.

She was then sixteen, highly strung and not very strong, and many people doubted the wisdom of including her in this strenuous undertaking. I have often thought she would have been better left at home.

But she, too, was growing up, and becoming more and more determined not to be left out of things. She usually got her own way in the end.

Lilibet was done with lessons altogether except for her music. This she kept up.

Both of them play the piano well and sing nicely, Margaret with a real touch of genius that would have taken her, under different circumstances, a very long way indeed.

Lilibet now attended Council meetings, went about with her mother, did more and more visiting and going about by herself, and discussed State affairs most days with her father.

By now the important part she would one day have to play in the world was officially recognised. This became obvious when she got her own flag with her special coat-of-arms, her secretary, and her lady-in-waiting.

Mr. Churchill, his hands full enough already, often found opportunity when at the palace to discuss the general situation at length with this young girl. The advice and counsel he gave Lilibet then from his vast wisdom and experience must have been of inestimable value to her.

The fact that this very great statesman found time to do this in the midst of his other responsibilities must have done much to bring home to her how important a part she was some day to have to take in her country's affairs.

Mr. Churchill had a very nice way with young people, and both

the Princesses were devoted to him. When they were with him, they were all eyes.

The usual morning visit with nannie and papa had been resumed after the war.

The two Princesses still had nursery breakfast together right up to the day of Lilibet's wedding.

But now at ten o'clock, when Margaret was busy with me, Lilibet would ring for her lady-in-waiting and deal with her own correspondence and see her dressmaker.

Most afternoons she would either open some bazaar or visit factories or hospitals.

She always managed to find a little while to go into the garden with the dogs, and mostly I joined her.

I felt now that my job was to provide a little light relief for Lilibet.

Her days were so full of functions and duties that cannot have been other than oppressive for a girl of nineteen.

We started the madrigal classes again, and now we got together thirty or forty young people. They came into the Bow Room, and after singing we had sherry and biscuits.

Among the girls there was a charming little person with pretty manners, named Jennifer Bevan. She was to become a close friend of

**Margaret's artistic sense**

Margaret's, and her first lady-in-waiting.

Margaret was a voracious reader. She read anything she got her hands on. I believed in letting the Princesses read and read and read.

There were dozens of comics, and when they grew out of the comics they took the women's magazines.

They have read all the classics, and have a good grounding in literature.

Margaret always has had a flair for beautiful words. She is innately artistic, and always puts the proper word in the proper place without any effort.

Lilibet now had her own suite and household at the palace, which really meant that one of the housemaids and footmen made it their particular duty to look after her.

Her bedroom was pink and fawn, with flowered chintz and plain white furniture. Nothing at all magnificent or ornate.

She never took a very personal interest in furnishings or decorations, the way Margaret did.

She tended to accept gratefully anything that was done for her, and settle down happily in a sitting-room arranged by someone else.

This has been done so often at the palace, where there is so much of everything already, though most of it is appallingly out of date.

With mounds and mounds of furniture around already, furnishing a room tends to mean adapting things. It would be extravagant to buy more.

So it boils down to rearranging a few whatnots and valuable antiques that would be wonderful in a museum but are somewhat depressing in a private apartment.

One of the subjects Alah and I agreed on wholeheartedly was one day voiced by her as we moved out of sight some truly amazing candlesticks.

"What we need here, Miss Crawford," she said grimly, "is one really good fire."

Lilibet's dressing-table was always simplicity itself, and a picture of order. She never left much lying about. Like her father, she is neat and methodical, beyond words.

A small table by her bed held the books she was reading at the time. Both girls read largely, and the latest novels, accompanied by at least one slightly "heavier" book, were kept on hand. From the seat at her dressing-table, Lilibet had a wonderful view down the Mall towards Big Ben.

"No wonder you are always so punctual," Margaret said one day, tartly, "you can't very well help it."

On wet days when we could not get out, Margaret would say, "Let's explore." Then we would wander off round the palace, to the war-scarred and shut-off apartments where the workmen were busy.

During the war the glass chandeliers had all been removed for safety, the pictures and ornaments packed away. Now they were back, waiting to be unpacked and returned



*IN her intimate chronicle of her 16 years as governess to the little Princesses, "Crawfie" wrote last week of Elizabeth's greater responsibilities as she approached young womanhood, and of the wave of thankfulness that swept through Britain when the European war ended. She wrote, too, of Elizabeth's growing love for Prince Philip, and the gossip that began to circulate about them both.*

to their places, and sometimes we took a hand.

It was fun undoing the beautiful crystal pieces and china figures. There was no saying what we might find next. We polished with our handkerchiefs the bits we unpacked.

Often as she worked, Margaret would sing in what she called her "village-choir" voice. This caused considerable amazement among the workmen who passed by.

And one day, pottering through the half-dismantled rooms, we came upon a very old piano.

Margaret was delighted with this find. She dragged up a packing-case, sat down, and proceeded to play Chopin. As she touched the notes, great clouds of dust flew out.

Margaret makes everything personal to herself. Her room is done over in salmon-pink that to me at once suggests Margaret.

In the centre of her room she has a large, round table on which can always be found a lavish clutter. Letters, invitations, dance programmes, greetings telegrams — in short, a hoomb-mi.

Her white wooden dressing table is littered with bottles, manique instruments, and small ornaments.

Anything small, neat, and miniature has always had an immense appeal to Margaret, so petite herself.

Both girls have a series of lace-and-net-trimmed covers or clothes ties, a custom they learned from their mother, and one that other girls with advantage might copy.

The Queen's clothes would be folded and put out ready for her, and the silk-and-net cover thrown over them.

When her maid took her clothes to be ironed or mended, over her arm, there would always be one of these tidily covering them.

Nothing was ever left lying about, or hanging over the back of a chair, or dropped on the floor.

Margaret was a great one for practical jokes.

More than once I have seen an equerry put his hand into his pocket, and find it, to his amazement, full of sticky lime balls. I am sure the last person ever suspected was the demure-looking little girl at the other end of the table.

Shoes left outside doors would become inexplicably filled with acorns. Once, when a new secretary had arrived, and been honored with Margaret's attention, she had sudden qualms after she was in bed.

"Oh, Crawfie, perhaps I shouldn't have done that. Do go down and take them out."

I said I would do nothing of the kind, but later I rang through to the equerry and asked him if he could do anything about it. He was very much amused, but thought perhaps Margaret hadn't chosen a very good person to play a joke on, and he got them removed.

I never told Margaret what I had done. For some days she watched her victim, anxious to see whether he looked at all cross with her, and whenever he was around she would sit there looking too good to be true.

## She learns to drive a car

Lilibet had learned to drive during her A.T.S. training, and the King gave her a car of her own, for her twenty-first birthday.

She had longed to have one for some time, and she was immensely proud of it, and her special number, HRH 1.

People in London soon got to know it, and looked out for her, and gave her a cheer.

After that, Margaret had to learn. Lilibet taught her when they were up at Balmoral.

The moorland roads and empty lanes of Scotland are an excellent place for a beginner.

Margaret took her driving test like everyone else.

She took it in Ballater, the nearest

town in which a driving inspector was to be found.

He told us Margaret drove very well, with judgment and skill.

When I left the palace she was still trying to persuade the King to let her have a car of her own, but she had not succeeded. But she drove the Royal cars.

Once when she was going away for a week-end, in the King's Daimler, she tapped at the window as soon as they got out of the castle grounds, told the chauffeur to come and sit inside with her maid.

She herself climbed into the driving seat beside the detective.

The chauffeur wasn't at all sure he ought to let her drive the King's car, but what could he do?

Moreover, he was extremely embarrassed at having to sit in the back of the Royal car like that, but any nervousness he may have felt soon went, for he realised the wheel was in capable hands.

What the detective thought nobody ever knew.

When they arrived at their destination the car door was thrown ceremoniously open by her hostess' footman, who expected the Princess to alight. Out came, instead, the maid and the chauffeur.

Please turn to page 30



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HAPPY PICTURE of the King with his two daughters at Windsor shortly after the end of the war in Europe

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Page 30

## The Little Princesses

Continued  
from page 29



**PRINCE PHILIP**—a photograph taken in 1946 when there were rumors of his engagement to Princess Elizabeth. He was like a "refreshing sea breeze," Miss Crawford says of him.

**A** LOT of American parcels were sent to the Princesses. These contained every kind of thing, from tinned foods and nylon stockings to old shoes and distinctly part-worn undergarments.

Every parcel was opened with enthusiasm by the Princesses themselves, and happy homes were always found for everything that came.

In those years immediately after the war, when there was such appalling shortages of everything, there was nothing that somebody could not adapt and use.

We used to have great fun in the nursery, and many good laughs, trying things on.

Like so many girls who grew up in the war years, Lilibet never had any proper coming-out.

She just started, quietly, going to parties from time to time, with her personal friends. In England, at that time, there was little social life of any kind.

I tried to encourage Lilibet presently to give little cocktail parties of her own, in her own sitting-room, to return the hospitality of her many friends.

I could never get her to do this. She was too accustomed to leaving it all to Mummy. Mummy always had done all the entertaining, and the habit was hard to break. Then one day, Lilibet came to my room, her eyes very bright.

"Crawfie! Someone is coming tonight!" she said, half shyly.

Prince Philip was back from abroad.

Lilibet, Margaret, and Philip had dinner together in Lilibet's sitting-room, and later romped in the corridor.

It is difficult, looking back on it, to remember the sequence of events.

I noticed, suddenly, that Lilibet began to take more trouble with her appearance, that it seemed to matter more to her what she wore at an evening party. Then I would find that Philip had been there!

And I noticed that suddenly she began to play her gramophone more than usual, and that her favorite tune of the moment was "People Will Say We're In Love," from the musical show "Oklahoma!"

They had been to that show together, and Lilibet would often ask the band at the various restaurants where they dined and danced to play this tune for her.

She and Philip rarely danced together. They had to be so discreet. But one can picture the glances they exchanged as they passed on the dance floor, each with another partner.



**BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT** of Princess Elizabeth when she was twenty in 1946.

Philip I now liked immensely. It was obvious to all of us that he was very much in love. I think had been ever since they met at our last pantomime, and they began writing to each other.

In those lonely months at sea he must have thought of her a great deal, and he must have weighed, too, his own situation.

Though there would be great advantages in such a union, for him there would also be great disadvantages.

He must often have thought of Prince Albert, another Prince Consort, who had found that role no bed of roses.

Philip had been educated at Gordonstoun, a school in North Scotland intended to turn out the commando type of young man.

Tactful subjugation had been no part of his training, and there must have been moments when he won-

### Philip a regular visitor

dered whether he could possibly face it.

But he loved her very much. He was a forthright and completely natural young man, given to saying what he thought. There was nothing of the polished courtier about him.

He came into the palace like a refreshing sea breeze. I often saw him wandering around in his shirt sleeves.

Presently he began to come up as a matter of course, and have dinner informally, in the old, comfortable nursery fashion, in the old nursery, which Margaret now used as her sitting-room.

The food was of the simplest. Fish, some sort of sweet, and orangeade. Philip does not smoke, and drinks very little.

After dinner, there would be high jinks in the corridors. Philip removed from the door the old card with "Nursery" on it, and substituted another marked "Maggie's Playroom."

They would play ball (a good many electric-light bulbs suffered) and race about like a bunch of high-spirited children.

It was always a threesome, unless I took a hand and did something about it by removing Margaret on some pretext or other.

I felt the constant presence of the little sister, who was far from undemanding and liked to have a good bit of attention herself, was not helping on the romance much.

Margaret was fond of Philip in an entirely sisterly fashion, and he was very good for her. He stood no nonsense. She was then at adolescence's most tiresome stage, apt at times to be comically regal and overgracious, and Philip wasn't having any.

She would dilly-dally outside the lift, keeping everyone waiting, until

Philip, losing patience, would give her a good push that settled the question of precedence quite simply.

Everyone in the household was, by now, aware of what was in the air. One could not see the young people together without realising what they felt for each other. But what her father and mother, the King and Queen, thought about it we had not the slightest idea.

Now the newspapers began to speculate about the Royal romance, and wherever they went a thousand eyes watched them. It must have been torture to both of them.

One day Lilibet came back rather excited from visiting a factory. I hurried to her room to see what was wrong.

"Crawfie, it was horrible," she said. "They shouted at me 'Where's Philip?'"

It was a coarse piece of thoughtlessness on the part of those who apparently had never paused to consider the feelings of a very young girl, sensitive and in love, but not, as yet, engaged.

Please turn to page 31

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 10, 1950



## NEWSREEL FLASHES



Getting a drink of water at night—



Walking up and down dark steps—



Mending a blown electric light fuse—



Seeing that baby hasn't thrown his clothes off—

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**EVEREADY**  
FLASHLIGHTS  
BATTERIES  
AND  
BULBS



AT WINDSOR the Princesses, both good horsewomen, had a welcome break from the Royal tour preparations just before they left for South Africa.

## The Little Princesses

Continued from page 30.

HOW could she be sure she would find a response in the heart of the man she loved to what was in her own?

He had not yet spoken to her. In the months that followed they were both to have much to put up with.

The heart of a princess is shy and as easily hurt as any other young girl's heart.

In time, loyalty grew accustomed and hardened to this prying into their private lives, and make little of it. But not at nineteen. Not when in love, deeply and passionately, for the first time.

It spoiled for them both days that should have been carefree and happy.

She began to dread these trips to factories and shops, deeply conscious now of the over-watchful eye that so soon became the over-vocal voice.

Time passed. Philip squired the sisters to dances.

Though Margaret was still a school-girl, she now went about as freely as Lilibet. I never thought that, in their hearts, the King and Queen liked it, but they did not find it easy to forbid their younger daughter to do what she wanted.

Did Lilibet know what her parents thought of her love affair with Philip? I was never sure. That issue, like so many at the time, was a dark secret.

A decision would eventually have to be taken, but, meantime, it was being pushed out of sight. Older members of the household, in touch with the King and Queen, were bothered about it.

"If there is not to be an engagement, the boy ought not to be around so much. There is too much talk and speculation already," one of them said to me.

Margaret knew. There were no secrets between the sisters.

Margaret came to my room one day, and fiddled around as she always did, picking up something and looking at it, and putting it down.

Then she came and knelt down on the hearthrug beside me, and asked abruptly:

"Crawfie, do you like Philip?"

"Very much," I said.

"But he's not English. Would it make a difference?"

I told her, "He's lived here all his life. He's as English as you or I, really."

For a long minute she said nothing at all. Then she said, very softly, "Poor Lil. Nothing of your own. Not even your love affair!"

All this time Lilibet led a really remarkably quiet life compared with that of her sister Margaret to-day. She went to an occasional dance or play, squired by some young officer from the garrison, or by personal friends of the family.

Looking back on it I am amazed to recall how very discreet and unspoiled she always was.

The greater part of her day she gave up to performing what must often have been rather dull duties, and this she did quite as a matter of course. Like her parents, she considered it her job, and it never struck her to try to avoid it.

She had very little social life of her own. On many occasions when I went to her room she would be gazing dreamily out of the window,

no doubt worrying quite a bit in her own quiet way about the outcome

of all this. Lilibet has a large collection of snapshots, and the King and Queen never go anywhere without the movie camera.

They took films of the babyhood of the Princesses, and have pictures right on up to date.

They are often shown after tea at Royal Lodge, and, much to our amusement, the King would sometimes reverse the films so that we saw ourselves leaping out of the swimming pool back on to the board, or the horses or dogs going backward.

One day I saw Lilibet had been busy with her photograph albums.

When I looked to see what she had been doing, I noticed that she had stuck, for the first time, some snapshots of Philip among the family pictures.

When it was known that Prince Philip was going to Balmoral that autumn, public excitement and speculation brimmed over.

The papers carried whole columns of "inside information" and entirely unfounded stories.

It must have been trying indeed for these two young people, between whom there had, as yet, been neither proposal nor acceptance.

The generally accepted idea was that this was for Prince Philip a trial trip.

Please turn to page 32

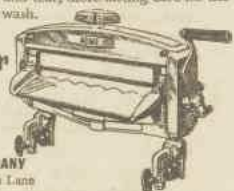
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**NAPOLEON**

when asked his greatest foe,  
Replied: "The only enemy I know  
And fear, is he who comes with  
sleet and snow—  
Midwinter."  
So now when in his strength and might  
That foe sweeps on us swift to smite,  
We seek protection where 'tis sure,  
By using Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



# The Little Princesses

THE King and Queen were commonly supposed to have invited Philip up to see whether he would be acceptable as a son-in-law, but this was mere surmise.

The silliness of all this is apparent when it is realised that they had both known him from his boyhood, and had seen a great deal of him just prior to this in London.

He was asked up because he was a young man they all liked, who would make an amusing addition to the party.

Perhaps also to give Lilibet a good long spell of his company, to see how she liked him in large doses.

Perhaps to give older members of the household an opportunity of getting to know him against the family background.

Nothing of that sort was said. But Lilibet was well aware that there were two schools of thought.

Some of the King's advisers did not think him good enough for her.

*Continued from page 31*

He was a prince without home or kingdom.

Some of the papers played long and loud tunes on the string of Philip's foreign origin.

There must have been for Lilibet in those autumn days, that should have been such happy ones for her, plenty of doubts, plenty of embarrassments, uncertainties, and heart-aches.

Her own mind never wavered for an instant. It was solidly made up.

It is good fun to be a princess in a palace. But not always. Not all the time.

I have often thought how much, at Balmoral, Lilibet must have envied the Scottish lasses their peaceful courting on moor and hillside.

My own view was that a young man who had served so long in the hard and severely disciplined Royal Navy, including active service, must have proved his manhood, and would be a worthy husband for any woman.

Also, I knew that Philip was very well liked in the senior service by

both officers and men—not because he was a prince, but for himself.

Philip's visit dragged on for more than a month.

The young people went out with the guns and picnicked together, but they were very seldom alone.

Occasionally he would take her out for a drive, and now and again they would manage to get off into the gardens after tea.

I was on my holidays at this time, but I heard all about it when I got back.

The general opinion was that both Lilibet and Philip had had rather a bad break, and the summer could not have been much fun for them.

Most of the household longed to see her happy in her own way, with a man of her own choice.

By this time we were all a little bewildered. I think what it really amounted to was that neither the King nor the Queen could make up their minds what was best for their very dear daughter, and so postponed decision.

They wanted the best for her, and it is never easy for parents in any walk of life to decide what that best is.

Lilibet was quiet, her brightness suddenly shadowed.

The royal discretion held even here, and she never discussed the problem with me. But I, who knew her well and loved her dearly, knew there would never be any other man for her.

The next move was an even more unlikely one. An official statement was issued from the palace early in September, denying the rumor that there was an engagement between the two young people.

*To be continued*



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, posed beside the staircase, Princess Elizabeth wore one of her first grown-up formal frocks and Princess Margaret a youthful party dress for this Cecil Beaton photograph.

IN "The Little Princesses" next week, Miss Crawford describes a "quiet, subdued" Elizabeth and a "wildly excited" Margaret selecting their wardrobes for the Royal Tour of South Africa. When they returned four months later, she was shocked at the exhausted appearance of the King and Queen and the Princesses after their strenuous programme. "Crawfie," who discussed her own marriage plans with Queen Mary during their absence, then shows her fiancé's picture to Queen Elizabeth, who is interested and sympathetic, but persuades her to stay on to complete Margaret's schooling.

## At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



**Read what this man says:**

"Before taking Menthoids I had been going down hill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level and was completely listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger . . ."

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Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. Menthoids exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream.

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If you are suffering constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica or Lumbago, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

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Look at some of your youthful symptoms. Is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a reliable treatment for draining your body of the poisons that cripple you.



HAZEL



"Now for some first-hand results of the other games . . ."

BUTCH



"Burglars often work in pairs. The one outside is known as the lookout man."

## It seems to me . . .

**W**HEN your practice on holiday is to insulate yourself as much as possible from the world's worries, you have to be prepared for shocks when you return.

You don't know what you'll find, from an anti-Ked bill to Argentine ants.

Naturally, vague rumors of some of these things reach your ears even at the seaside.

When the south-east weather makes fishing foolish except for the holiday fanatics, and you find that a professional fisherman has spent his day listening to Parliament, you can't help hearing a little about the man-made storms that shake the continent and the world.

But, on the whole, with a little earnest inattention to the newspapers, you can keep at bay for a brief space wars, whether cold or hot, and, if you have kind friends who censor your mail, you need not even see your bills till you return.

This leaves your mind free to devote to such concerns as whether the tea coupons will withstand the holiday rate of consumption, and why the fish aren't biting.



Dorothy Drain

**I**F you were able to cut yourself off completely on holiday, nowadays impossible from Timor to Timbuctoo, you might wonder what was the new word that had come into the language—"onusproof."

Sixpence for every time you hear it in the course of a day would enable you to retire early. I notice in the dictionary that if you want to say it all in Latin, it's "onus probandi." But I guess that wouldn't make it any less contentious.

**T**HE Argentine ants, mentioned above, are a fine example of the way nothing is so bad till it touches your immediate interests.

People in other States have shaken their heads in momentary sympathy over the trials of the residents in parts of Victoria and of Perth, where the voracious creatures abound, but the sympathy carries more weight now that the species has been found in a Sydney suburb.

In Perth there's a man who makes a hobby of the ant-battle, and who, when anyone claims to be free of them, insists that a piece of bacon be put out as a bait. It appears that if there are any within shouting distance the bacon brings them running.

Ants bring to mind ant-eaters, so, having a mild passion for natural history, I rang the Australian Museum, where I found that it's no use thinking of acquiring a spiny ant-eater as a pet.

Spiny ant-eaters do eat ants—though nobody knows yet whether they like Argentine ants—but they're solitary animals of unaggressive disposition which make no more effective impact on ants than kindly thoughts do against the atom bomb.

I also inquired about ant-flats. They, too, eat ants, but since they're the larva of an insect and live on the floors of sandy caves it seems hardly practicable to breed any in my King's Cross flat.

Another fascinating snippet of information I gathered is that our bulldog ant belongs to an ancient and archaic group, and is the oldest known type of the ant family.

Doubtless they're feeling properly indignant about these upstarts from the Argentine taking the limelight in a country which needs no migrants in the ant world.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 10, 1950

By

**S**HOULD readers notice a certain reticence so far in this column on the subject of my holiday fishing, they're quite right.

Far be it from me to boast about helping to keep a stray cat and three kittens fed on fish unsuitable for a frying-pan.

If there were any big ones about they didn't come near me. This left plenty of time for speculation on (a) whether it isn't patently absurd to throw a little line into the great ocean, (b) the unlikelihood of my being able to drag in anything large anyhow, and (c) whether embroidery would be not only a more kindly occupation, but more profitable.

Worries about the callousness of fishing which from time to time attack women anglers are complicated by the thought that if you throw a poor little fish back what is to become of the poor little stray cat?

You know, in fact, that the poor little stray cat will promptly pounce on poor little birds.

Better not to think, isn't it?

**A**N old-fashioned undergarment that's having a sudden wave of popularity this winter is the spencer.

Long asked for only by elderly ladies or very chilly types, it is now eagerly sought, in Sydney at least, by the young.

While chemises have become singlets and then vests, the spencer has kept its old-fashioned name, possibly because of its long eclipse.

Originally a short over-jacket, it was called after the second Earl Spencer—according to one account because he had his coat-tails torn off in a hunting accident, according to another because he bet a friend he'd start a fashion.

The Earl, who died more than a hundred years ago, would be entertained to know that power shortage, which precludes daytime heating, has kept his memory green among sweater girls of 1950.

**A**LONDON travel organisation plans conducted tours of castles and other places which have ghosts. The organiser, Miss Cicely Hill, says that Britain should exploit its ghosts, but adds that she cannot guarantee that ghosts will appear unless they become "dollar conscious."

If you took a midnight tour  
Price for ghosts and meals inclusive.  
Bent on saying often, "Oo-er,"  
You would think it no excuse if  
In a house reputed haunted  
Spectres failed to walk when wanted.

Yankees, used to getting service,  
Would not think it right or funny.  
Paying dollars to be nervous  
If they got no chills for money.  
And if told the ghost was tired  
They'd expect him to be fired.

Better take effective action,  
Hire some hounds, and see they're baying.  
Customers want satisfaction,  
Need their value when they're paying:  
Take precautions, stop 'em bleating,  
Buy some phosphorus and sheeting.

## 5 COUNTRY AIDS TO Beauty



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personal photographs to  
illustrate his own story!

*In Next Sunday's  
instalment he writes . . .*

How jokes about riding  
accidents got under his skin.

First clash with conservative  
British opinion over his  
American associations.

Lavish parties during trip to  
America for Polo matches.

Press sensationalism!

Prince gets in with Milkman.  
Oh! Who'll ask his Royal  
Highness what he wears asleep?

Parents puzzled by continued  
bachelorhood.

Marriage problems.

Industrial towns.

White tie and tails and  
nightclubs.

The speech to scientists that  
had a Royal father worried.

The general strike.

Trips to Spain and Canada.

First detects Baldwin's arrogance.

Safari in Africa.

Rush return to sick father.

Private letters.

Talks with mother.

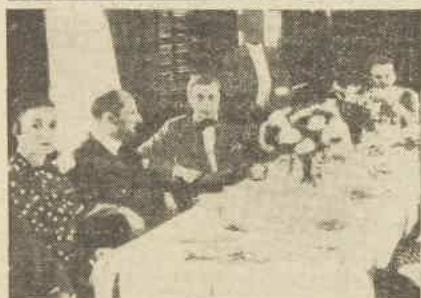
Gives up steeple chasing.

First Brush with Baldwin.

National thanksgiving whilst  
King still ill.

Becomes a home maker.

Flies solo against family wishes.







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**"LEFT-OUT FEELING"**



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*keeps you nice to be near*

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Utterly corrupt; severely disturbed. Rated in about the centre (8, 2, 3, 4).
7. Stirrer gently. Ronald in brief the regular customer (8).
8. Attempt to before tea and Lamb was (8).
10. Fifty and one you let in a carriage (3).
11. Express the holy man consumed (5).
12. European country (6).
13. Sure rats in these pants (8).
16. A lateral support of a sailor and you and human beings between two seas (8).
19. Disturb no ancient inhabitants of North Britain for these themes of conversation (8).
21. Graduate starts a meaningless noise in a high tower (3).
22. Pause of this French steamship at an electric particle (9).
25. Searched out sin in entertainment: sopors (8).
26. Shoddy type (8).
27. 14 mail fence rays and you mix it, you find a degraded aspect of existence (3, 4, 2, 4).

Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Drive back a reversed person afflicted by a contagious disease (8).
2. Trade a mixed in some vehement speeches (7).
3. Declared orally a religious vessel before circumcised coppers (10).
4. Duck before in a large tub, but don't do it, you'll get fat (7).
5. Archaic verb owns tea (4).
6. Patriotic wiles in N. America (7).
7. Of Greek woodland deities took a seat and I cry disturbed (11).
12. Very loud stronghold I miss back a cock (10).
14. You and a back costume in the causing a sense of slight (7).
17. Miss Tum here for a speculative tribe (7).
18. Fear in little Edward bent away in specified direction (7).
20. Natural hole descended freely in unsuspected danger (7).
23. Aspirate in dainty settle in a corner (5).
24. It is part of every inflammation (4).

## The Way of a Girl

Continued from page 7

said comfortingly. "The poor child never had a mother to teach him his manners."

"What he needs is a good spanking!" Laura insisted furiously.

"I should think what he needed more, at the moment," a new voice said, "was a little peace and quiet."

It was a low, cool, crisp young voice, and all three of them, mother and daughter and Bill, turned towards it.

Bill's eyes would not focus very well, but made out someone slender standing in the doorway. The gold stuff up top, he thought lazily, was probably hair.

"I'm Donna Hunter," the voice went on with cool courtesy. "Mr. Steward's nurse. I'll have to ask you ladies to go now. My patients must have their rest."

Bill heard a vague hullabaloo of protest and recrimination, and managed to stay awake long enough to be sure that the cool, even voice was winning.

Then he drifted into a sleep that was not sleep at all but a procession of disappointed nightmares and physical discomforts.

Once, he woke, or thought he woke, to find the doctor sticking needles into him, wearing an unpleasantly sadistic grin. Or was it more than once? Or was it only a nightmare? He didn't know. He didn't even care.

He finally crawled out of the tunnel of his dreams, very slowly, with a very great effort. Something was calling to him, and it was a call which he must answer. He forced his eyes open and forced them to focus, and forced his mind to realise that he was looking at his own ceiling.

His ears were harder to clear, but he finally forced perception to swim through the whirlpool of roaring sound that filled them. Dougal, he thought. Dougal was crying. He tried to sit up and almost went tumbling back into the dream tunnel, but he gritted his teeth and hung on until his head cleared a little.

Then he swung his legs—rubber-like things which seemed not to belong to him—over the side of the bed.

He made it across the room,

though it took him, he estimated, several hours and an unbelievable expenditure of energy. When he finally reached the door of Dougal's room, the weeping had stopped. It took him another coin or so to clear his eyes again.

Dougal, wrapped in a blanket, was asleep in a stranger's lap. The stranger was sitting in the old rocking-chair, and she was asleep too. All Bill could see of her was short curly hair, mingled with Dougal's, and a long green housecoat.

"What is it?" Bill croaked.

"What's the matter with Dougal?" The curly head lifted slowly, and he found himself looking into a pale, tired-looking young face.

"He was just having a nightmare," she said calmly. "You've been having some yourself these past few days. Go back to bed now."

"Is he—he is he going to be all right?"

"Of course he is. Go back to bed."

Instead, Bill started to stagger in towards his son. Donna promptly rose, put Dougal down gently on the bed, covered him, and then turned and grasped Bill's elbow firmly.

"Back to bed, I said. Come on!"

"I want to make sure he's all right."

"What are you going to do? Wake him up to ask him? I told you he's all right. Come along."

Resentful, but obedient, he let himself be led back to his room. His resentment was not abated by the fact that he found himself forced to lean on her for the last few feet. She was obviously stronger than she looked, but that only added to his sense of humiliating weakness.

She got him into bed without fuss, and even managed to make the sheets feel fresh and unwrinkled and the pillow plump and cool, with a few deft and economical movements. One of those efficient women, he thought bitterly. They were even worse than other kinds.

When she had him settled, she caught his eye and grinned, and he realised that he must have been glaring at her quite savagely.

Please turn to page 38

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Erin-Art  
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AND PILLOWCASES

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"Woollies" Vests and  
"Winter Silk" Lingerie

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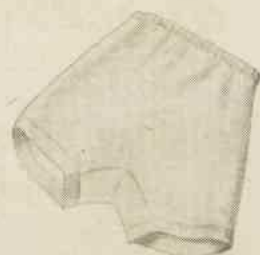


"Woollies" Vest. Note the midriff ribbing fashioned to avoid waist line bulk. In 31/33, 34/36, 37/39 & 40/42 inch bust measurements.



Princess Slip in "Winter Silk" with brassiere-top cut to mould to the figure. Type PS41 in bust sizes of 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Type PS42 in 40 and 42 inch bust sizes.

Pantees in "Winter Silk" cut to give perfect comfort when worn either with or without foundation garment. P40 (short leg type) and P41 (longer leg type) in seat measurements of 36, 38, 40, 42, 45 and 47 inches.



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A GIFT EVERY WOMAN  
HOPES TO GET . . .

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is the secret—she takes  
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Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/6

Wise woman—she takes

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and bring sound sleep the first night  
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do in 2 days and how much better  
you will feel tomorrow. The guar-  
antee is irrevocable.

**Mendaco**

## The Way of a Girl

Continued from page 36

SMILING, she said: "You are  
S getting better."

"I am not. I ache all over. My  
back hurts. I think my arms are  
broken."

"That's from the needles. Now,  
you go to sleep."

"Who are you, anyway?" he de-  
manded.

She had her hand on the light  
switch, but she paused to answer  
him. "I'm Mrs. Brown's grand-  
daughter; she sent me here when she  
couldn't come herself. Good-  
night."

She switched off the light and  
closed the door firmly behind her,  
leaving him to simmer irritably.  
Just like a woman leaving him alone  
to die miserably in the darkness.  
And she'd even closed the door, prob-  
ably so that she wouldn't be dis-  
turbed by his final agonies.

As for her being Brownie's grand-  
daughter, he'd never heard such  
nonsense in his life. He'd probably  
stay awake worrying about it all  
night. At this thought, he promptly  
fell asleep.

He woke in the morning, feeling  
much better and even more cross.  
He heard Donna and Dougal in the  
next room, chatting quite cheerfully,  
and even laughing softly.

That did not help a bit. There  
they were enjoying themselves, and  
for all they knew he might have  
died in the night!

At last, unable to bear it any  
longer, he let loose a weak call for  
help, which turned out to be a bel-  
low of pure rage.

The noise startled him so that he  
huddled into his pillow with his  
eyes shut tight, waiting like a small  
boy for whatever punishment might  
befall him.

He heard the door open and then  
her voice, cheerful and quite calm.  
"So you're awake at last. I'll get  
you something to eat. Meanwhile,  
you can be shaving and taking a  
shower."

He stared, appalled. "You mean,  
you actually expect me to get up  
and shower? And shave?"

"It won't hurt you a bit," she told  
him easily. "If you could see your  
face, you'd agree."

She went out, leaving him to mar-  
vel at the callous heart she must  
have, practically kicking a man off  
what well might have been his  
deathbed so that he might not offend  
her fastidious eyes.

When he got back to his bedroom,  
she was just putting a tray down.  
She smoothed out his bed, and he  
crawled back into it, studiously  
avoiding her eyes. She put the  
tray on his lap and stood there for  
a moment.

"You look almost human now,"  
she acknowledged at last. "For you,  
that is."

She left the room without giving  
him a chance to answer this  
gratuitous insult. He contemplated  
the tea and toast she had brought,  
and was perversely pleased to find  
the toast burned and the tea boiled  
and bitter. So she wasn't so  
efficient after all, he thought.

He found out more about her  
cooking during the next few days.  
It was, to put it mildly, abomi-  
nable. If he hadn't been so hungry  
he could not have forced a morsel  
past his tonsils. As it was he ate  
every scrap of anything and every-  
thing she put before him.

Cooking was not all she could not  
do. Her housekeeping was a horror  
to behold. She was a good nurse,  
and fanatically clean in the sick  
room; but the rest of the house was,  
only too obviously, a mystery to her.

It was not that she didn't try; she  
kept dabbling at things with a dust-  
cloth and making ineffectual swipes  
with a broom. It was just that she  
was one of those people so consti-  
tuted that a normally tidy room  
looks as though a tornado had struck  
it when they walk through.

But she was a good nurse. She  
was there when she was needed and

invisible when not wanted. And  
she never got cross. It must have  
been hard not to get cross during  
the first day or two of Bill's con-  
valescence, because he was as  
bad-tempered as it was possible to  
be.

Donna solved the matter blithely  
by moving Dougal's bed into Bill's  
room. They would be company for  
one another, she said, and managed  
to imply with a grin that she hoped  
Bill would behave himself better  
with his son as an audience.

Bill did; he had no choice, with  
Dougal's big, blue-grey eyes watch-  
ing him anxiously and obviously  
ashamed of him when he misbe-  
haved. Besides, the boy was good  
company. Dougal, Bill discovered,  
liked Donna very much, and knew  
more about her than he did.

"She's Brownie's youngest daugh-  
ter's daughter, Dad," he explained  
carefully. "That's Eileen, the one  
who used to be in the musical  
shows."

"How is it we've never run into  
her before? It isn't like Brownie  
to hide her jewels."

"Oh, Donna doesn't live here.  
She's just here to visit her grand-  
mother. And she thinks you're at-  
tractive in a repulsive sort of way.  
She told me so."

"Oh, she does, does she?" Bill  
said, telling himself firmly that he  
had not the slightest interest in  
Donna's estimation of his personal  
charms, or lack of them.

"I think she's pretty, don't you,  
Dad?"

"A little anaemic for my taste,"  
Bill replied.

DONNA said cheer-  
fully from the doorway: "Skinny  
fellows with bony knees and their  
ribs showing always go for the Ru-  
bens type. Soup's on, boys. Your  
secretary's mother brought it, Bill.  
Looks good, too—but not good  
enough to risk marrying into her  
family for."

"Mrs. Haskins? How did you  
keep her out?"

"Oh, I just described your hor-  
rible symptoms, and told her it  
was catching. Come on—drink  
this stuff. I seem to have burned  
it at the bottom, but that won't  
matter."

Depend on her, Bill thought, to be  
able to burn soup! He would like  
to show her what decent cooking  
was like, and decent housekeeping.  
Women were always so amused and  
condescending at the idea of a  
man trying to get along without a  
female around.

That gave him an idea, which he  
carefully saved until the day the doc-  
tor told them that it was safe to  
get up. A little while after the  
doctor had left, Donna made her  
appearance in the living-room with  
her little suitcase, all dressed to  
take her leave.

"Here I go, boys! Doctor thinks  
you're all set to re-enter the hurly-  
burly of the world, so my days of  
usefulness are at an end."

Bill found himself suddenly and  
inexplicably a little panic-stricken  
at the thought of having to get along  
without her. She might not be  
much on the cooking or the dust-  
ing, but she was a comfort to have  
around. He must be still weak, he  
told himself.

"If you'll tell me how much we  
owe you," he said awkwardly, "I'll  
write you a cheque now."

She looked amused. "You don't  
owe me anything. I did it to keep  
Grannie from worrying about you."

"But—I can't accept—"

"If I want to spend my vacation  
doing my grandmother a favor, it's  
my own business. I'm not a nurse,  
I'm an accountant. Dougal, give  
me a kiss before I go."

Please turn to page 39

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morning?



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## DOUGAL, obviously

was only too willing. She bent to put her arms around him, and they held one another tightly for a moment. When they broke, Bill noticed that there were tears in his son's eyes, and he turned away hastily. He suddenly remembered his big idea.

"Look," he said. "You've been doing all the work around here for the past week. Why not come in some time and see how we manage it when we're alone? Say, dinner on Saturday? Bring Brownie along for a chaperon."

"Ha! Chaperon! With you?" She eyed him speculatively. "Well, all right, but I think there's a catch in it somewhere. Six o'clock."

She left then, and the flat seemed suddenly overlarge and empty, and rather gloomy.

"Is there?" Dougall demanded.

"Is there what?"

"A catch in it?"

"What? Oh! Of course not! We'll give them a real bang-up, Stenward dinner. Wait and see. Saturday—that only gives us two days to clear up this mess."

It took all of the two days. Bill found it unbelievable into what a shambles a flat could be turned in only a week.

By Saturday evening it was its old shining, shipshape self, and the dinner was on the stove, ready to serve after a few last-minute touches.

The guests arrived on time. Even Bill had to admit that Donna was cool and beautiful in white, and her grandmother impressive and strange in her "best" black.

They looked around the shining living-room, then went into the dining-room, where the table was set with flowers and glimmering candles. Donna's eyes widened, and Bill felt a glow of triumph.

"Very impressive!" she said. "You boys do all right for one another."

"Bachelors," Brownie told her. "They're the only ones who know how to live. That's why I like working for them."

Brownie was in high good humor all through dinner. It was just as well because the rest of them, Donna, Dougall, and Bill, were strangely silent. Everybody ate well, especi-

## The Way of a Girl Continued from page 38

ally Donna, but she made no comment on the food until she had finished her last bit of pastry. Then, back in the living-room for coffee, she sighed comfortably.

"Did you cook all that yourself, Bill Stenward?" she asked.

"It's a hobby of mine."

"You mean, you and Dougall eat like that all the time?"

"We put on the dog a bit to-night."

She shook her head, and the fire-

light struck flame from her bright hair. "Gosh!" she said. "When I think of what you must have suffered while I was feeding you!"

"Poor Donna can't cook an egg," Brownie said with a mixture of indulgence and indignation. "That's that Eileen for you! Dragging the child from hotel to hotel all her life."

Suddenly, Bill's triumph was ashes in his mouth—the kind of triumph it would have been for

the amateur champion of the world to lick a high-school boy.

He looked at Dougall, and found in the boy's eyes a mixture of understanding and reproach. For a bitter moment, he saw Donna looking at him also, and her eyes were smiling and a little sad.

She insisted on washing the dishes, and he insisted on helping and followed her into the kitchen.

Instead of going to the sink, she turned and faced him as soon as the door was closed. He was shocked and upset to see that there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not usually such a swine. At least, I don't think I am."

"You're not! But I do feel such a fool, not being able to do anything."

"That's silly," he told her, and found himself inexplicably with comforting arms around her. "How many girl accountants do you know? And how many girls are really good nurses?"

"I don't mean that kind of thing. I mean house-keeping."

"I could hire a cook or a housekeeper, if that's what I wanted, and I wouldn't have to marry them, either. Besides, you can always pick up cooking as you go; it doesn't take anything more than patience and a little intelligence."

He didn't realise that he had proposed until after he had said it, and then it seemed quite natural. Apparently, she thought so, too, because she snuggled closer in his arms.

"Don't let me interrupt," Dougall said behind them. "Brownie wants a drink of water."

They did not spring apart, but they both looked anxiously at the boy.

"You don't mind, then, Dougall?" Donna pleaded.

"Heck, no! You're a sweet dish. And I've been worrying about what I'd do with him in his old age," Dougall grinned. "Anyway, what we've been needing round here is a good woman to take care of us poor, helpless bachelors!"

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## ALL his life Anthony

had been afraid of so many things, of noise and pain, of death, above all of being shut up or imprisoned in any way. It was partly his claustrophobia that made him hate life at sea so much. The ship was like a prison and the after cockpit a prison cell. . . . One could not get out

And this was his life, now, for ever, this imprisonment of fear and pain. Much better to die. Open your eyes, you fool; don't look inside yourself any more.

With a struggle Mr. Midshipman O'Connell opened his eyes, gazed, blinked, caught his breath, and gazed again. Drowned in his misery, he had not known that the ship had entered the bay. He had opened his eyes just at the moment when men on shore, looking out to sea, had seen the ship caught up in that golden moment of perfection; he, looking towards the land, saw a scene that he would not forget while memory remained.

He saw the hills sweeping around the bay and the wooded valleys brimming with gold. He saw the sheeted gold of the sky behind the hills, and the streaming light. And just opposite him he saw a fishing village built beyond the golden water in a green cup in the hills; a small place, peaceful and perfect.

He supposed this was the village they called Torquay. Beyond a half-moon of sand was a green field, then a low stone wall. Behind the wall white-walled cottages stood in gardens full of flowers, the smoke curling lazily up from their chimneys.

There was an inn, recognisable by its signboard, a stone bridge, and a stream.

Anthony stared, his eyes aching, his heart beating. Would they be allowed to land?

He knew that, except in exceptional circumstances, sailors were not allowed to go ashore when a ship weighted anchor in harbor; the risk of desertion was too great. But he was a midshipman, an officer. Surely the officers would be allowed shore leave.

A sharp pain shot through his right thigh. It was only a good-natured slap dealt him by the young lieutenant who had come to take him

down, and who was unfastening the ropes round his legs, but it happened to light on one of the many bruises with which his body was covered. "Come along down, Mary, my girl, you've had your two hours."

"Sir!" gasped Anthony. "Will we go ashore—I mean, the officers?"

"And who may you mean by the officers? Not you, Mary. Not little girls who sleep on watch. And next time you start nodding you know what it will mean—laid on a gun and given a dozen with the colt."

The lieutenant assisted Mr. Midshipman O'Connell from the rigging, dropped him, not unkindly, face downward on the deck, and departed on his own affairs.

Mr. Midshipman O'Connell stayed where he was for a while, sick and dizzy. He heard eight bells ringing, and knew that he had to turn in now until midnight, when he had the middle watch.

He dragged himself to his hands and knees and crawled a little way, then pulled himself to his feet with the help of a handy stanchion, and at last got down to the after cockpit and the midshipmen's mess.

The dingy place was not more than five feet high and twelve feet square, and into this space was crowded a table, used by the midshipmen for their meals, and by the surgeon as an operating table when the ship went into action, the midshipmen's chests, their hammocks and themselves.

The reek of the bilges below, mixed with the smell of rancid butter and putrid cheese from the purser's storeroom nearby, was horrible, and, coming into it, Anthony wondered how he would endure it for four mortal hours.

Anthony's entry was a signal for the usual jeers and catcalls, but apart from that he was not tormented to-night; brutal though the population of the after cockpit might be on this ship they knew when a man had had enough.

And astonishingly, in spite of his aching limbs and splitting head, after an hour or so of misery he dropped into a queer feverish sort of sleep; awakening from it sud-

## Gentian Hill

Continued from page 9

denly to find himself in the most peculiar state of mind.

His course of action was suddenly absolutely clear. He had endured as long as he could and now he was going to get out.

Five minutes later, before any doubts had any time to obtrude themselves, the middle watch was called and he fell out of his hammock, fully dressed as he had dropped into it, and staggered up on deck.

It was a still night, and a slight sea mist had crept up after sunset, so that he could tell the whereabouts of Torquay only by the gleam of lights still burning in the inn, and the harbor lanterns. No more perfect night for escape could have presented itself.

## PATIENTLY,

Anthony waited, alert and attentive to his duty, until the very last hour of the watch when vigilance was relaxed to the minimum and he found himself with no eye upon him. He took off his short dark blue coat with its brass buttons, his nankeen waistcoat, and black silk neck handkerchief, and stowed them in a corner with his three-cornered hat and his dirk.

Then wearing nothing but trousers and frilled white linen shirt, his thin heelless black shoes stuck in his pockets, he crept down the main hatchway to the deck below, and down again to the lower gun deck.

It was such perfect weather that the gun-ports were open and he was so thin that it was not hard to slip through one of them, clinging by his fingers for a moment, then let go.

Presently, clinging more dead than alive to an iron ring in the harbor wall, Anthony saw a flight of steps. Then somehow he got on the steps and crawled up them. Though it was still dark he remembered the lie of the land from his vision of the village the evening before, and he made his way along the harbor to the shipbuilding yard.

THERE in the lee of a half-built fishing smack he wrung the water out of his trousers and shirt as well as he could, put on his soaking shoes and lay down to wait for dawn.

It came quite soon, with its inevitable quickening and reassurance, so that for a few minutes he ceased to be aware of the shivering of his body and felt a glow all through him, the warmth of a fresh beginning and a new day.

It passed and he was shivering again, but the reassurance remained. He came cautiously out into the open and looked about him.

The whole world, now, was sparkling with clear light, and he had to shield his eyes against the dazzle of the sun rising like a ball of fire out to sea. His Majesty's ships, resting in painted glory upon the sparkling water, looked uncharitably in beauty. Who could have guessed that their loveliness held such misery?

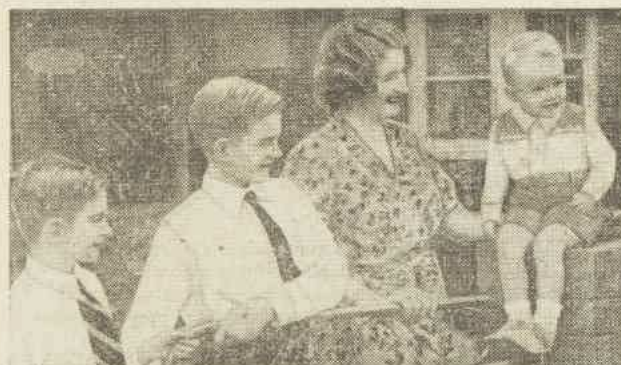
His reassurance was suddenly shattered, for they seemed to be all eyes, searching for him. He looked quickly away from them to the white cottages in their flower-filled gardens, the stream slipping like a silver ribbon under the stone bridge and across the field, the green hills and the wooded valleys.

He imagined himself walking, following the stream, and realised that this was a bigger place than he had thought; almost the beginning of a fashionable watering place.

He would not dare go up among the more formal houses, for they looked just the sort of homes that might contain naval officers on leave, and, bedraggled though they were, his midshipman's frilled shirt and nankeen trousers were perfectly recognisable to a knowledgeable eye; and the Boggings delivered to captured deserters had been known to kill them.

Somewhat he must get food, but he would beg it from the poor folk who, if they recognised him, would be less likely to give him away.

Please turn to page 41



## "COME IN Aunt Jenny

... and see what a boon Velvet is in my home!"

greeted Mrs. G. Boland, charming young mother of three, when Aunt Jenny visited her at her home at 37 Halley Street, Fivedock. Mrs. Boland declared that Velvet was invaluable in the house for any young housewife.

(Original letter on our files)



"Just to show you how Velvet keeps precious things, this lovely handmade blouse—a treasured gift—is over 50 years old! See how dainty it is. If Velvet can look after it like that all these years, no wonder it's the kindest soap to your hands."

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FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed, yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes too!



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## Gentian Hill

SMOKE was curling up now from the chimney of the inn, and from its open doorway there floated the delicious smell of baking bread and the sound of a man's voice singing, very beautifully, to the music of a guitar.

It was not an English voice. He guessed there must be a foreign seaman there, and looking round he was not surprised to see a small Portuguese privateer anchored among the English fishing boats. Sailors in a foreign port were notoriously open handed; they'd share their breakfast with him.

The cob-walled, whitewashed inn stood in its gay garden just beyond the stone bridge, and the swinging sign proclaimed it "The Bird in Hand" by a motto painted on the board:

"A bird in hand is better far Than two birds in the bushes are." Dizzy and sick, with such a singing in his ears that he could hardly hear the music of the guitar, Anthony leaned in the doorway and looked in.

Half a dozen bronzed seamen, gold rings in their ears, bright handkerchiefs bound round their heads, were sitting about the table munching bread and bacon, washing it down with copious draughts of ale, seeming in high good humor.

The kitchen had a sanded floor and brightly burning fire, and a fresh-faced woman was busy about her morning's work as though she liked it. There was an air of warm festivity about the scene, of invitation and friendliness, and letting go of the door jamb Anthony fell plump into it.

When he came to himself again he was lying on the settle by the fire, with the woman bending over him with a glass in her hand. "Drink it up, love," she advised him, and clinked the glass against his teeth.

Anthony gulped down the fiery stuff and presently sat up and rubbed his knuckles in his eyes, smiling sheepishly.

"Soaked through and hungry," diagnosed the woman. "Sit there and dry off, boy, and eat a good breakfast." She brought him bread and bacon and hot milk, and he did as he was told, gratefully aware of the kindly concern of the men about the table and the motherliness of the woman.

"One of you?" she inquired of the men. "Been off on the spree by himself? He's got his heathen beads round his neck, poor lamb." Anthony's shirt had come undone and she could see his rosary.

The Portuguese seamen, scarcely understanding her, shook their heads but smiled companionably at Anthony, and he noticed that they were all wearing their rosaries. Apparently this festival, into which he had fallen headlong, was a religious festival.

He smiled back as he munched, making himself one with them in whatever it was that they were celebrating.

"It's a queer thing, how it goes on," said the woman. "For hundreds of years, now, not a Popish ship comes into Torbay, but some of the seamen must be landed to go and do their heathen antics in St. Michael's Chapel. Some sort of pilgrimage. They give thanks, they say, but I doubt if they know for what."

"Escape," suggested Anthony timidly.

The woman looked at him thoughtfully. "They do say the chapel was built by a sailor who'd been saved from drowning in some storm. But I don't know the story rightly. Some sort of an old legend. Hundreds of years ago it was, and I've no time for such nonsense. Have a bite more, boy? You can twist your tongue round a bit of English it seems. What's your name?"

"Anthony." He still spoke softly and timidly, and the name was unfamiliar to her.

*Continued from page 40*

"Zachary," she repeated. "Odd now, to have a good old English name fastened on to a poor Popish foreign lad."

He did not correct her. Zachary, he thought, would be as good a name as another for him to be known by in a new life. Anthony was dead. Now he was Zachary.

The men got up, and he got up, too, for it seemed that he was one with them in this pilgrimage.

The woman came to the door to show them the way. "Cross the bridge over the Fleet and go along Cane's Lane," she said, "and up over the cliff by Ladybird Walk, and then you'll see Torre church and St. Michael's Chapel. You can't miss them."

The little party crossed the bridge and made their way as she had said. The Portuguese sailors were merry, singing and laughing and chattering to each other. They leaned over the walls of the gardens and picked sprays of tamarisk and fuchsia and stuck them behind their ears.

One of them flung a posy to Zachary, who was sticking to them like a forlorn, disreputable dog.

The path climbed steeply upwards, bordered by rocks and gorse bushes. Zachary was too occupied in dragging himself up to look about him, but when they reached the summit of the cliff he stopped with the others and sat down on a rock, his head in his hands, to get his breath.

It was incredibly beautiful. He could see the whole glorious stretch of the bay, and the green and wooded hills piled about it, and to the west high peaks of purple moorland.

**B**ETWEEN the bay and the distant moors he could see the rise and fall of hills and valleys patterned with green pastures, harvest fields, copes, and orchards, and could guess at the peaceful villages, farms, and churches folded among them.

He thought with an aching heart of those quiet farms. He knew little of country life, but he thought that if he could only get to one of those farms he would be safe there, and have peace.

Then he tore himself away from the thought of the quiet farm where he would find sanctuary and looked down to the scene below them to the south. He could see a beautiful house, with about it what looked like the ruins of some great abbey, surrounded by gardens and orchards, and parkland where deer were feeding, the whole bounded upon the east by a strong sea wall.

Between the abbey and the cliff top where they stood were two hills. The one nearest to them was low and green and tree covered, and among the trees were a few small houses and an old grey church, with sheep feeding in the churchyard. It must have been the hell of this church that Zachary had heard before, for now it tolled out the hour, clear and sweet, its voice joining itself to the bleating of the lambs.

The other hill was rocky and precipitous and built upon its summit was the Chapel of St. Michael, the goal of the pilgrimage.

Yet it was a fitting shrine to have been built by a seaman who had been saved from death in a storm, and a fitting place of pilgrimage for other seamen who were holding their lives in their hands in days of peril. It had a look of vigilance about it, of endurance. It might have been St. Michael himself, standing with drawn sword to keep watch over this lovely land.

*Please turn to page 42*

## It doesn't hurt to be beautiful



SOME girdles leave you beautiful but breathless. Warner's love to leave you breathtakingly beautiful, but in the comfiest way you've ever known. That's why Warner's 3-Way-Sizes are designed to fit you and you alone. From Warner's dazzling array of styles and sizes you can pick the girdles and bras that fit you and your pocketbook to perfection! At finer stores.

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Illustr. Sta-Up-Top Le Gant Girdle, No. 122, Sizes 27 to 34. Warner's Alphabet Bra No. 2299. A cup—32 to 36, B and C cup—32 to 38.



**WARNER'S Le Gant**  
3-Way-Sized  
Foundations and Bras

W21-31

Page 41



*Ma'am, you never tasted  
so good!*  
**Tomato Soup**



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## Gentian Hill

*Continued from page 41*

SILENTLY the little company filed down the steep path to the valley below, and came to the foot of the limestone precipice up which they must climb to reach the chapel. It was a deep climb, but the feet of many pilgrims had made a path and there were rocks and bushes to give handhold.

The 13th century building at the top was a strange, bare little shrine. There was no door in the arched entrance, no glass in the narrow windows. The floor was of rough rock and sloped steeply upward. The walls were three feet thick and the barred vaulted roof was composed of small stones.

A little of the original plaster clung to roof and walls, and there was a plain piscina in a niche in the south wall to show that once there had been an altar here, and two empty niches in the north wall, with what looked like a fleur-de-lis carved in the stone between them.

The seamen filed reverently in through the archway in the north wall and knelt upon the rough rock. Zachary knelt just inside the door and took off his rosary. His beads slipped through his fingers but his weary mind was a blank, he gave thanks for nothing in particular, prayed for nothing in particular, merely stayed himself upon the fact of the safety of this place.

Revering in this blessed sense of safety he did not leave when the other men did, but stayed where he was just inside the doorway, his eyes shut, his beads still slipping through his fingers.

"The Lord is my fortress, my rock, and my defence." Each stone cried out in triumph, but the triumph had a biting edge, as though the words were cutting into his spirit, so that gradually the pain of his aching body seemed mysteriously transferred to his soul. What had he done? Deserted. Run away.

There came a sudden turmoil of defiance in his soul that tried to shout down the mounting accusation. "I couldn't do it, I tell you. It was not possible. Flesh and blood could not endure it."

But the stones were not silenced, and suddenly the chapel was no longer a place of refuge but the thing he dreaded most of all, a prison. The walls were closing in on him, coming nearer and nearer. They'd get him in another minute, hold him in their hands of stone. He must get out.

He opened his eyes and scrambled to his feet, and then for the first time realised that he was not, as he had thought, alone in the chapel. A white-haired, white-faced man in black was kneeling in prayer before the place where the altar must once have been.

He must have been there all the while but Zachary, coming in behind the other seamen, had not seen him. He stood there, still, breathing fast, his queer panic increased by the sight of that still figure.

Then the man turned his head and looked at him. It was a look of infinite kindness but Zachary in his panic did not see the kindness, only the almost stonelike whiteness of the face.

The power of movement returned suddenly to his legs and he bolted out of the door.

At the landward side of the chapel, where its bulk stood between him and the sea, he leaned against the wall, away from the windows so that the man inside could not see him. He stood there with his limbs shaking and the sweat streaming off him until the normal worldly outlook upon things, which he was accustomed to call sanity, slowly returned to him again.

Fool! he said to himself. Crazy fool! You got away from that ship only just in time. Get inland and find that farm. Right inland. It will be safe there...

After she was grown up, Stella smiled sometimes when she heard people speculating as to what was their first memory, and seldom able to identify it with certainty.

She was in no doubt about her first memory, nor her second, and she knew they had come into her possession on the same day—September 22, 1796, when she was two years old. They were strongly contrasted, and perhaps that was why they affected her so deeply.

The first, though mercifully vague, was none the less dreadful in its terror, and visited her again and again through her childhood in nightmare or fever, a memory of noise, fire, the grasp of arms round her that hurt with the agonising tightness of their grip, then the blackness of water closing over her head.

The second was merciful and beneficent; deep silence, starlight shed upon a quiet garden, air that was light and cool upon scorched skin, and then the arms of Mother Sprigg about her, not hard and tight like those other arms, but steady and comfortable.

"Am I your own girl, mother?" she asked suddenly, when she was ten years old. They were sitting together before the kitchen fire, alone except for the cat Scraphine asleep in her basket with her kittens disposed around her.

The candles were lighted and the fire burned brightly, for though it was only the beginning of September the evening was chilly, and Stella was sewing her sampler while Mother Sprigg stitched at her patchwork quilt, needle flying against her thimble.

Stella's needle did not fly. It went slowly and laboriously in and out of her sampler, pursuing painfully the bloodstained path of duty, and now and then ceasing work altogether while Stella sucked her finger and then sprang another question on poor Mother Sprigg.

USUALLY Mother Sprigg managed to go on stitching while grappling with Stella's thirst for information, but this question brought her to such a complete stop that Stella gazed at her in round-eyed astonishment.

Had she said anything wrong? She stretched out a slim brown hand and laid it on the work-hardened, fat red hands clasped in Mother Sprigg's lap. "Mother?" she queried tentatively.

"What makes you ask, love?" Mother Sprigg whispered. Yet even while she asked, she knew. The child was old enough now to notice the contrasts; the graceful hand lying on her own clumsy one was only one of many.

"I remember that I came from somewhere else to here," said Stella. "It was quite different."

"What do you remember, child?" asked Mother Sprigg.

"Noise, a fire and black water, and arms that hurt," said Stella in a quick whisper, as though anxious to get it over; and then, slowly and with great sweetness, she said, "and after that, Mother, it was quiet in the garden, and your arms were comfortable."

"No, you are not my own girl," Mother Sprigg said. "Though the Lord knows you are as dear to me as though you were. Nearly eight years ago, love, you were brought here as a little thing of two years old. Sitting here before the fire, I was, like I am now, patching a shirt, and feeling a bit anxious because father was not back from Plymouth."

"Back at eight o'clock on Wednesday, Martha," he'd said to me, but the grandfather had struck ten and still I sat there stitching."

Please turn to page 45

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**Reckitt's Blue**

"Out of the blue comes the whitest wash"



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): A splendid week to expand your intellectual and social life by either travel, writing, study, discussions, or new ideas. You are likely to make some solid progress by June 13.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Your fortunate days are June 7, 8, 12, and 13. Try not to miss any opportunities on these dates. They favor financial and business gains or speculations, as well as romance, pleasures, and social activity.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): A good week to exert your personality and try out new fields of endeavor. June 7 to 12 should offer new opportunities for beneficial change either in ideas or environment.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Although this week may not give you full scope for all your plans, it could help solve many things that have been held in abeyance, as well as solidify ideas for your future activity. Concentrate on June 12 and 13.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): Expect bright and happy days this week. Entertain and enjoy the company of others. Friendships could bring to light new values, and an old

## As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

wish is likely to come true. Your luckiest days are June 7, 10, 12, and 13, so you should use them to the best possible advantage.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): A good week to achieve some of your ambitions, with your best days June 7 and 12. Some recognition and steady progress should help you stabilize many of your business and financial plans, while social life speeds happily along. While conditions are so promising, a little personal effort on your part will bring rich rewards.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): A splendid week to look forward and plan, with your most interesting dates on June 7, 8, 12, and 13. Pleasure, achievement, and personal gain are all likely to come your way and should lead you a few steps nearer your desired goal.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Some solid gain is possible if you apply your talents to the acquisition of money this week. Partnerships, team work, or interests shared offer the best medium for your luck, especially on June 12 and 13.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Your marriage, domestic, or social life is due for an uplift over the next few days. Start planning from June 7. Personal ties and partners are well disposed and could prove more helpful and fortunate than usual.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Your prospects look particularly bright, both in business and in health. Choose June 7, 12, and 13 for all important plans. Your stars promise a nice solid background to most of your affairs this week.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Speculation or any new enterprise could be profitable over the next few days. Consolidate also affairs close to your heart. Monday and Tuesday of next week appear to be your important days and you should use them to the best possible advantage.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Get busy this week with all things that pertain to relatives and home affairs. Holidays, removals, estate deals, building, redecorating or place of residence are all likely to have happy results. A change in any such matters will prove beneficial.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

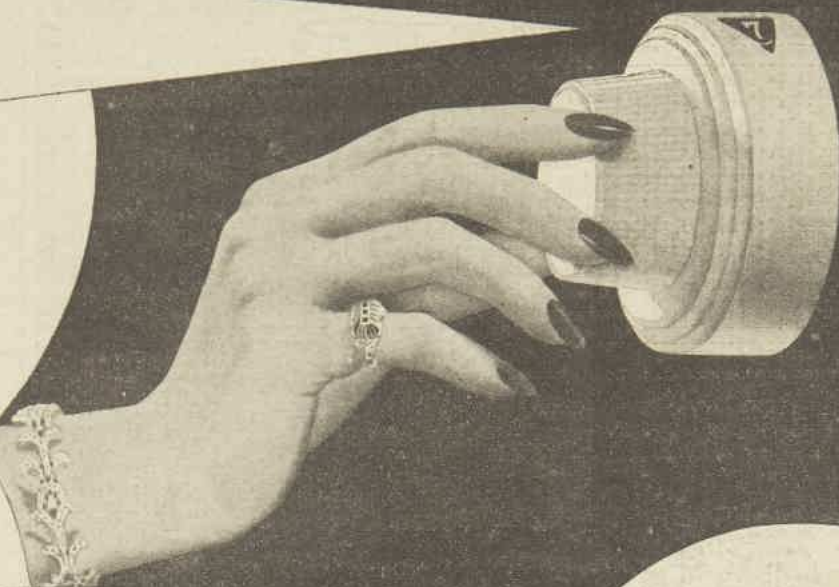
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 10, 1959

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Set it -  
and forget it!



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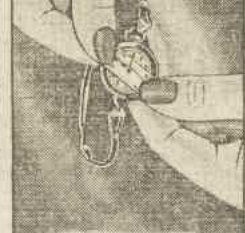
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**MOTHER SPRIGG** looked down at Stella lovingly. "It was to see Bill, his soldier brother, set sail on the frigate Amphion, that your father had ridden to Plymouth," she said. "There was to be a grand farewell party on board, and your father had ridden off on the Tuesday before it was light, all in a taking because he'd overslept himself and he feared he'd be too late for the grand doings, and too late he was—by the mercy of God."

"Why, what happened?" asked Stella.

"The Amphion blew up, love, with the wives and sweethearts and little children of the men all on board. They say a light was dropped by a gunner who was stealing ammunition. A terrible thing it was. Three hundred men and women and children lost their lives, your father's brother among 'em."

"Your father, riding through Plymouth, heard the explosion, and when he reached the Hoe they were taking the bodies from the water. Your father, he did what he could. One poor young woman whom he helped to take from the water he never forgot. He said she was beautiful, even in death."

"A sailor had held her up and kept her from drowning but she'd died while he held her—shock, maybe, or some injury—I don't know. She wore a green gown and there was a gold locket round her neck, and her arms were locked tight round the body of her child."

"Me?" whispered Stella.

"Yes. Your father, when he saw you, lost his head. You see, love, we'd had a little girl who'd died at just about the age you were then, the only child we ever had, and your father had grieved over the loss and couldn't seem to get over it. When he saw you there, and a couple of rough chaps unclasping your dead mother's arms from about you, he just snatched you away from them and poked you up in his own arms."

"One of the men said, 'The child's dead, but though you were wet and cold like a little fish he knew you were alive. He was in such a taking he didn't answer the man, he just made off with you, without a by your leave. There was an inn near by, and he took you there, and had the good woman look after you, while he went back to help with the rescue work and see what had become of his brother."

"He was not among the saved, was poor Bill. And the next day, you being as fit as a fiddle by that time, and no one seeming to know a thing about you, he wrapped you up in his cloak and rode off home with you."

Stella laughed suddenly, her clear happy laugh that was a delight to all who heard it. Mother Sprigg decided that it was as she had hoped, though the child was too tender hearted and sensitive, she was too young as yet to realise the tragedy of the story.

"Weren't you startled, Mother, to have Father ride home with me like that?"

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," declared Mother Sprigg, gaiety springing up in her to answer the laughter of the child. "I heard Bess coming, and I ran out of the house to the gate. 'Here you are, Mother,' says Father, and he leans down and dumps you in my arms."

"You'd been asleep but you woke up then and looked about you at the garden and up in my face, and then you cuddled down comfortable and went to sleep again. The next morning you were up with the birds and behaving as though you had lived at Weekborough Farm from the day you were born."

"And no one ever tried to take me away from you?" asked Stella.

"No, love. Of course, I sent your father back to Plymouth at once to make more inquiries, for it was nothing but baby-stealing, the way he'd walked off with you, but he couldn't find that you'd any relatives. No one seemed to know who your poor mother was."

## Gentian Hill

Continued from page 42

"There was nothing in her pocket but an embroidered handkerchief and your little coral, and nothing in her locket but a curl of dark hair, and a scrap of paper with something written on it in a foreign language that no one could make head or tail of."

"Your father saw her buried decently, and then he put the handkerchief and the coral and the locket in his pocket, and rode off home as fast as he could to tell me you were ours for keeps, our own girl—Stella."

The child was sitting now with her pointed chin cupped in her hands, staring at the fire.

"Mother, was your little girl who died called Stella?"

"No, love, she was called Eliza after my own mother. But your father, being clean besotted about you, must needs choose some fanciful name for you. Star-bright eyes you had, he said, when you first looked up at him, and the starlight was bright on your face when I looked at you that first time, so Stella it had to be, though the name don't go well with Sprigg, to my way of thinking."

"But what matter?" said your father. "The maid will be changing my name for another as soon as she's husband-high, and meanwhile she's my Stella and my sprig of mischief, born on the first of June with candles in her eyes."

"And why should I have candles



"Get your feet off my desk!"

in my eyes because I was born on the first of June? And how do you know I was born on the first of June?" demanded Stella. She had an accurate as well as an imaginative mind.

"There's no knowing what day you were born, love, but you seemed just over two years when you came to us, and the first of June, 1794, was the Glorious First, when the fleet sailed into Plymouth Sound with six captive French battleships, and in each house a lighted candle was set in every pane."

"All night they burned, pretty as a picture. Your father saw the sight, and he never forgot it. Like all the stars fallen down from Heaven, he said it was; till the dawn came and put them out."

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops," said Stella in a voice that suddenly became curiously deep and mature for a child.

"Eh?" asked Mother Sprigg with sudden sharpness. "Have you been reading some old book again?"

Few things made Mother Sprigg angry, but one of them was to have Stella browse among Dr. Crane's old books. The doctor was the best friend they had, and he had taken upon himself the business of Stella's education, but he and Mother Sprigg differed a good deal as to what was, and was not, education.

Reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic were all the child needed to learn, Mother Sprigg maintained. This, combined with the arts of housewifery that she herself could

teach her, was all the education required by a farmer's daughter.

Dr. Crane disagreed; the education required by any individual, he maintained, was just exactly all the knowledge the individual could possibly assimilate.

Stella agreed with him, and let loose among his books she assimilated at a good pace, keeping her knowledge hidden from Mother Sprigg as much as she could. Yet Mother Sprigg always knew when she had been reading the doctor's books because quite unconsciously she would quote little scraps from them in that startlingly unchildish voice.

Then Mother Sprigg would scold. She didn't know why she scolded; unless it was because Stella's thirst for knowledge seemed to hold some sort of unexplainable threat that frightened her; and she always scolded when she was afraid.

Stella, her chin still cupped in her hands, did not answer. She was always silent when scolded, but there was no sullenness in her silence, merely a smooth, shining determination to go her own way from which scoldings slithered to oblivion like water off a duck's back.

Mother Sprigg, sighed in irritated frustration, then laughed as Stella lifted her face from her hands, hitched her stool nearer, and looked up at her adopted mother with the countenance of a merry elf, laughter running over her face.

Then Stella's laughter vanished, even as her previous queer maturity had vanished. She was just a loving, serious little girl as she laid her hand on Mother Sprigg's knee and said gently, "You are my mother."

Then it seemed that she put from her also the story she had asked for, for she smoothed her skirts, and began once more to sew her sampler. Mother Sprigg, too, picked up her quilt. It was over, the question and the explanation she had been dreading for so long, and it had all passed off very well indeed. But what an unaccountable little soul she was, this beloved Stella.

Outside the birds were silent and the light grew dim, and the orchard trees seemed to Stella to step more closely about the house, gathering in like men-at-arms to protect them against the perils of the night.

The kitchen was the living room of the farm, for they scarcely used the small panelled parlor upon the other side of the lagged hall. It was a large room, roughly square, but with many nooks and bulges. Its greatest glory was the fireplace that filled nearly the whole of the north wall and was almost a room in itself.

Beside the hearth a door opened on to the passage that led to the dairy, stillroom, and larder beyond, and a door in the east wall led to the stone-flagged hall and front door.

"I wish it lasted longer," said Stella.

"What, love?" asked Mother Sprigg.

"Just you and me sitting here talking and sewing, with Seraphine and the kittens, and the house loving us."

"Weekborough Farm," said Mother Sprigg softly. "Your father, he was born and brought up here and he's never left it for more than one night at a time. And I came here as a bride thirty-five years ago, and I've never left it for a night, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"I shall," said Stella decidedly. "I shall go to all sorts of places all over the world."

Mother Sprigg looked at the child sharply. Here was another of the contrasts; this adventurous roving spirit of Stella's was a thing she could not begin to understand.

Please turn to page 46

## You can say "yes" to Romance



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CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

S.R. 50 WWM142

## Gentian Hill

Continued from page 45

A MAN'S heavy footsteps in the hall, and a hearty hail, warned them of the approach of Father Sprigg. The quiet hour was over and it was time for supper and bed.

They rolled up their work and put it away, and, while Mother Sprigg bustled about setting the table, Stella flew into the hall and precipitated herself, as from a catapult, into the arms of Father Sprigg.

Her foster father was the only person in the world with whom she was exuberant, and that not because she loved him best (she loved him dearly, but not best), but because Father Sprigg himself was so exuberant that it was next to impossible to be anything but exuberant with him.

He was six feet tall, and broad to match, and, though he was sixty years old, he was only slightly bent about the shoulders after half a century of hard toil. He had a weatherbeaten countenance surrounded by a fringe of grizzled ginger whisker, and blue eyes that were like two bright windows beneath the ginger eyebrows that came down over them like a thatched roof.

He had the choleric temper that goes with ginger hair, touchingly combined with a vast patience and a superb courage.

Moreover, he was a very wise man. He was a great bee-master and a fine shepherd, and what he did not know about bees and sheep was not worth knowing, so that his farm was one of the most prosperous farms in the countryside.

Upon the sensitive Stella, with her love of life and adventure, the elemental quality in Father Sprigg took strong hold. She leaped into his arms in much the same sort of way as she would sometimes fling herself down into the grass meadow and lie with arms outspread and cheek against the warm earth; both places gave her a satisfying sense of oneness with all that was.

"Hey, lass!" said Father Sprigg, receiving the impact of the small creature upon his bulk as though she were of no more weight than a sparrow. "Steady, lass, you'll have me over!"

This was a mighty joke with them. Laughing, Stella leaned her cheek against Father Sprigg's smock, enjoying the scent of wood smoke that clung to it. Then she leaned over Father Sprigg's arm and peered at the shadows beyond him.

"Hodge?" she whispered softly, stretching down a hand.

A cold nose touched her hand, and then a warm tongue caressed it. The dog Hodge was present, and she sighed with relief and satisfaction. Hodge was one of her dearest on earth, but he was a mighty warrior, and she was always afraid that some day an enemy even mightier would prove too powerful for him.

A sudden, lovely smell of onion came through the crack of the kitchen door, and all three entered precipitately, to find Mother Sprigg ladling the broth into the big brown bowls on the table. Seraphine was stirring in her basket, and Madge, the dairymaid, was coming through the dairy with butter and cheese and a big blue dish of clotted cream.

Solomon Doddridge, the ploughman, had come in from the back when Father Sprigg entered from the front, and was now sitting in a seat within the fireplace, to the left of the fire, that was always his by right, his knotted hands on his knees, his short clay pipe sticking out at the side of his mouth.

Of the several who worked on the farm, he and Madge were the only two who actually slept in the farmhouse, and, with Father and Mother Sprigg, Stella, Seraphine, and Hodge, made up a household compactly knit together in a loyalty that had never been expressed in

words, but of which each was unconsciously aware.

Old Sol did not know how old he was, knew nothing whatever about himself except that man and boy he had worked at Weekabourough Farm, eaten there, slept there, and would die there.

He was now bent almost into the shape of a hoop with the rheumatics, and when he stood up leaning on his stick he reminded Stella of the old mulberry tree in the walled garden, whose main bough would have grown right down into the earth again had it not been propped up by a forked stick.

Yet his dark eyes were bright as a robin's, and he could still guide the plough, and still, with his ploughboy as counter tenor, provide the deep notes of the beautiful, mysterious chant with which the Devon ploughmen animated their teams.

Madge had come to Weekabourough Farm from the poorhouse twenty years ago, and had worked there ever since. The first kindness she had ever met with had been shown her by Father and Mother Sprigg, and she was devoted to them and Stella.

In the arts of the stillroom and the dairy she had not her equal in the whole of the West Country.

Seraphine was a sleek tabby of an unusually domesticated appearance. Though three stable cats were kept to deal with the outside rats, she was the only house cat. She was supposed to deal with the inside mice, but she was so busy rearing kittens that she seldom had time to attend to them.

THEY talked little as they ate their supper, for they were all tired after a day's labor that for the adults had started at four o'clock in the morning. What little talk there was concerned some yagabond who had come to Father Sprigg asking for work.

"Never seen such a scarecrow," said Father Sprigg. "Looked as though he hadn't the strength to dig a sack of potatoes. A good-for-nothing scoundrel, to my mind."

"Couldn't you give him work, Father?" asked Stella pitifully. She hated to think of even a good-for-nothing scoundrel being turned away from Weekabourough Farm.

"No," said Father Sprigg shortly. "Escaped from the press gang or a prison camp from the looks of him. I've no mind to get myself into trouble with authority."

"Did Hodge think he was a good-for-nothing?" asked Stella.

"Hodge was not there," said Father Sprigg. "Hodge had gone with Sol to bring the cows home. And isn't my judgment as good as Hodge's, I'd like to know?"

Stella opened her mouth to say that in her opinion it was not, but Mother Sprigg cut her short. "There, love, hold your tongue and sup up your broth."

Mother and Father Sprigg, Stella, and Madge sat at the table, Hodge and Seraphine one on each side of Stella's chair, expectant of the tidbits which she always managed to smuggle down to them, but old Sol stayed in his chimney corner with his bowl of soup on his knee. But he listened to the little that was said, and now and then his low appreciative chuckles rumbled from the chimney corner.

When supper was finished Mother Sprigg, Madge, and Stella quickly removed the dishes while Father Sprigg, sepulchral clearing his throat, walked with heavy, deliberate tread to the dresser, took the Book, carried it back to the table and laid it down carefully before his chair.

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## Interesting People



DR. TEMPLE KIELY

... Edgeworth David medal  
**AWARDED** the Edgeworth David Medal for 1949 by the Royal Society of N.S.W., Dr. Temple Kiely, plant pathologist to the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture, is 35 years old. The Edgeworth David Medal is awarded each year to young workers (not over 35) in one of several fields of science. An old boy of Sydney High School, athletics were Dr. Kiely's main sporting interest both there and at Sydney University. Last year he secured his Doctor of Science in Agriculture degree and is working on research into the diseases of citrus fruits.



MRS. DOT LAUGHTON

... women's cricket  
**WELL-KNOWN** South Australian woman cricketer selected to go to England next year with the touring Australian women's team is Mrs. Dot Laughton, a good all-rounder and strong bat. She last year created what is believed to be a woman's record—390 not out. "But we don't go after records," she says. "We play for the fun of it." She has represented her State in both hockey and cricket and played in the third Test of the recent English women's cricket tour. She likes being out-of-doors, is a keen gardener.



MR. GEORGE COLVILLE

... Japanese art forms  
**BACK** after a tour of Japan for the military section of B.C.O.F., Melbourne artist George Colville has 50 canvases for the artists' committee of the Australian War Memorial, Canberra. While there, he made a special study of Japanese wall-scroll painting, and hopes to pioneer this form of artistic expression in Australia at an exhibition he will hold in Melbourne this year, selecting Australian subjects for scrolls. In Japan, scrolls appropriate to the seasons keep households in harmony with the time of year.







was a closet opening out of the big bed-chamber where her foster parents slept, and she had to go through their room to reach it. She thought this best bed-chamber a most imposing place with its big tent-bed hung with maroon curtains, its beautiful tallboy and bow-fronted chest of drawers of shining mahogany.

Her own little closet was dainty at the inside of a flower or sea-shell, for Mother Sprigg had made white muslin curtains for the small bed and a patchwork quilt of pale, soft colors. Father Sprigg himself had made the dressing chest, the little chair, and the stool for the ever and basin, and painted them pale green.

There were flowered curtains at the windows, and the plastered walls were white. The only notes of bright color in the room were the gay rag rug upon which Hodge slept and Stella's hooded, scarlet cloak hanging on a peg behind the door.

She made no attempt to go to bed; instead she put on her cloak and opened the window. It was a dormer window that opened like a merry eye in the thatch that roofed the farm.

The thatch was old, hillocky in places, and sloped away beneath the window at an incline that was no steeper than that of a hayrick, and just as easy to climb. Stella climbed it almost nightly, for she could climb as well as run with remarkable agility.

And so could Hodge. From the moment when he first learnt to stagger he had been following Stella wherever she went, and she went to such extraordinary places at times that throughout the years he had been slowly adding to the natural powers of a dog those of many another creature, too.

Besides climbing like a squirrel, he could now in company with Stella wriggle like a worm, leap like a toad, and roll up into a ball

like a hedgehog. Such was their accomplishment that whatever they did they seldom got caught.

They got out of the window and stepped nimbly down, digging their toes into the strong thatch. Where the roof ended a wistaria, almost as old as the house itself, grew out of a flower-bed in the yard below, its branches lying like great knotted ropes against the farmhouse wall.

Stella, going down feet first, found it was easy to negotiate the ladder; Hodge, going down nose first, found it harder; but Stella kept one hand gripped upon his neck, and he managed.

They reached the yard in no time at all and retrieved the plate of scraps from behind the mounting block, carrying it to the far end of the yard where Daniel the yard dog was lying in his kennel waiting for them, his chin resting on his extended forepaws and his eyes very bright.

As soon as he saw them he shot out of the kennel to the full extent of his chain and in a moment he was wolfing up the contents of the

plate as though he had never had a good square meal in his life.

Like all the animals at Weekaborough Farm, Daniel was in actual fact adequately fed and cared for, though not pampered, but he always had an insatiable appetite and always looked a sight.

You could feed him with everything in the larder, you could brush him till your arm ached, you could bath him daily and still he would look like nothing on earth. He wore a permanent worried frown upon his forehead and his ears flapped in the wind like signals of distress.

He had arrived at Weekaborough Farm three years ago as a puppy, conveyed thither by Hodge, who had found him somewhere, picked him up in his mouth and brought him home. He was not much use, and seemed a little wanting in the head, but he was affectionate and well meaning and everyone was fond of him.

As soon as Daniel had polished off the last scrap of his meal Stella knelt down on the cobbles beside him and gently pulled his distressed ears and smoothed his worried frown.

"Never mind, Daniel," she whispered, "to-morrow I will take you for a walk."

He never seemed to understand what she said to him, as Hodge did, but he could recognise the promise of something good in the tone of her voice, and he went back inside his

kennel the wrong way round so that his tail could poke through the hole and rotate outside, which was always with him a sign of happiness.

Stella fetched the bowl of milk from behind the mounting block and carried it carefully across the yard to the stable door, which Hodge opened for her by standing on his hind legs and lifting the latch with his nose. The stables were never locked, and neither was the back door of the farmhouse.

They both opened into the yard which was fortified on the north and south by the stables and the house and to the east and west by great walls, and had strong doors in the east wall that were secured at night by the trunk of a tree laid across iron bars.

The yard had been built in this way so that in time of war all the cattle could be driven into it and kept safe.

The stable by night was an enchanted place, dim and mysterious, its daylight russet and gold and brown overlaid by the silver moonlight shining through the small high unglazed windows that gave upon the outside world.

They had a couple of oxen, Moses and Abraham, for the ploughing and for drawing the sledge carts used at harvest time, two little agile Devon park horses, Shem and Ham, one dun and one red, and Father Sprigg's beautiful old mare, Bess.

Stella knew them all intimately and loved them well, but she did not stop to talk to them now for they were tired after the hard day's work and she was pressed for time; she just looked affectionately at their gleaming flanks and swinging tails and went on down to the empty stall at the far end where the stable cats slept, and where at this hour they were always eagerly waiting for their milk.

set the bowl down on the floor and the cats sank their chins into the milk and absorbed in silent ecstasy. Stella, with Hodge alongside, her left hand resting lightly on his back, stood regarding them. They were called Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and they were a sorry crew, scarred by many battles.

Stella had named them, as she had named all the animals at Weekaborough Farm, drawing her inspiration from her beloved Old Testament.

The most extraordinary sensation went up Stella's left arm, a prickly queer sensation that reached her brain as a sudden feeling of panic. The hair upon Hodge's back was rising beneath her hand and he gave a loud growl deep in his throat. She looked at him.

His head was raised and his eyes were fixed upon the small window high up in the wall above the manger, one of the windows that gave upon the outside world and through which the moonlight shone. A man's head had come between them and the moonlight, held in the square of the window as in a picture frame.

Stella had a sudden impression of a thin face, wild and dark, and then she was so frightened that everything was suddenly blurred and she could not see any more; but she could still hear Hodge's low growl and feel his stiff hair beneath her hand.

But she did not cry out. She stood quite still, fighting her panic until the mist cleared, the dark face came back and she could put a name to her fear.

It had come at last. The French had landed.

"Bony," she whispered.

To be continued



"Since he met that dame at the trading post he's been in another world."

## A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

For many years my mother used Ford Pills whenever any of her family was off colour and now, since I have my own little ones, I use them too. I find them very effective for all the family and as soon as the kiddies complain of any tummy trouble I give them a Ford Pill and send them off to bed and they are quite well again next day. I have always used them even when the babies were coming and found them a wonderful help at those times.

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# FORD PILLS

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THIS SUIT is cut with the decollete neckline, returning to fashion in New York.

**IMPORTANT** fashion news from New York is the return of the low-cut, decollete suit, which has been out of favor for at least a generation.

#### Decollete suits

"SOME really nice idea for a check suit is what I am asking for. We don't get very cold weather here on the coast, so want something in keeping with climatic conditions."

My suggestion is what the American designers label a decollete neckline suit. As the name implies, the neckline is low cut, as in the design illustrated. Other details include white jique over-collar, hip-length jacket, puffed waistline, slender skirt. This design would be particularly suitable for your material.

## Fashion FROCKS

**"KATHERINE."**—A smart dressing-gown styled in the new short-cut length. The material is a ray-trousse satin. Colors obtainable are white, pastel-blue, and pink. Also in rayon spun twill, in white, peach, nil, sky, and pink grounds printed in a floral design.

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**Cut Out Only:** Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 51/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

**"MAUREEN."**—Pretty lace-trimmed pyjamas made in ray-trousse satin, obtainable in white, pale blue, and pink. Also in rayon spun twill, in white, peach, nil, sky, and pink grounds printed in a floral design.

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(N.Z. readers see postage orders only.)

# Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

#### Unusual top

"WOULD you please suggest an unusual top for a black wool afternoon frock? I want the neckline low cut and the bodice with long sleeves."

The Dior horseshoe neckline, the neckline framed with a three-inch-wide collar of self fabric, would be new and attractive for your bodice top. Have the sleeves tailored, set-in, and finished with self-cuffs. No pads in the shoulder line.

#### Simple sleeves

"SOME time ago I wrote to you for advice about cutting a circular skirt, and as your suggestion proved most helpful I am writing again. Perhaps you will remember I make my own clothes, and this time I want advice about the type of sleeves for a wool frock. The frock is for late winter and then to go into spring. The large, important sleeves seem to be the latest."

In advance fashion news sleeves are becoming slimmer. French designer Dior places emphasis on simple sleeves, many set-in. Fath is another designer who is returning to a simple, set-in sleeve. If your dress is for general daytime wear, my advice is a simple button-up style finished with a tiny wing collar, plus simple sleeves. For spring, the neat, trim look is the new.

#### For second wedding

"AS I am re-marrying I would like your advice about a suitable costume for this occasion. The marriage will take place in September. I am blonde with brown eyes."

My choice for your wedding dress is a street-length, slim-skirted dress in pearl-grey satin. Have the top made with short sleeves and a horseshoe neckline. Trim the neckline with roses in Renoir pink; wear a large picture hat in a much deeper grey than the dress (about a steel shade), and shoes, gloves, and bag to match.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

#### Red is popular

"AS a teenager trying to keep abreast of present fashions I would like you to advise me about a color for a velveteen frock. I wanted red, but didn't know if it would look too vivid or if it is being worn."

Red is one of the most popular current colors, both in New York and Paris. Light orange shades are perhaps the most numerous. Geranium, carnation, and tomato are also being worn. Actually, my advice is to find the shade most flattering to your eyes and hair and decide on it for your velveteen dress.

#### Longer line

"MY girl friend and I hope you will settle an argument for us. We want to know if the lower waistline is being worn, and how short are skirts for daytime."

In current Paris dress collections waistlines are sometimes an inch lower than those worn during the previous season. Skirts are an inch shorter. The most flattering way to achieve this longer look to the top of a silhouette is by a wide belt. The belt starts at the normal waistline and descends to the top of the hip bone. A hip-hugging peplum is also a means to suggest a longer line.

#### Starched pique

"PLEASE suggest a trim for a navy woollen dress made with a high neckline, fitted bodice, and slim skirt."

Wide turn-like or little-boy collars made in starched white pique or linen are the newest trim for navy wool. Have it easily detachable for frequent laundering.



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## Shirley Temple ambitious for daughter

By cable from  
LEE CARROL in Hollywood

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is secretly coaching her two-year-old daughter, Linda Susan, to become her successor. The former child star would not commit herself publicly, but admitted very privately that she hopes to launch Linda Susan on the path to movie fame as "the new Shirley Temple" even earlier than she herself began acting. Shirley has a recording machine at her home and is practising with Linda singing songs, playing them back to her, and making her memorise the melodies.

NOT all of Hollywood's luminaries are selling their homes. Yvonne de Carlo has just become a Beverly Hills resident with the purchase of a five-acre canyon estate, secluded and sumptuous, for an unspecified amount, and she plans to sink even more of her movie earnings into the place. De Carlo says she will redecorate the interior throughout and build an immense swimming pool before moving in.

ON the heels of M.G.M. cowboys Robert Taylor and John Hodiak comes Robert Walker, who will handle a pair of six-shooters in a top-budget production called "Vengeance Valley." Bert Lancaster will be Walker's formidable opposition in the Nicholas Nayfack production which represents M.G.M.'s first Western of 1950.



AFTER A LONG SPELL working and holidaying abroad, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, have returned to their Hollywood home. Here they are seen stepping out of the train at Los Angeles Terminal with their pure white French poodle, Snow White.

## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Riding High

CAPRA plus Crosby in a remake of a Mark Hellinger racetrack story equals light comedy as smooth as it comes in Paramount's "Riding High."

The story of Dan Brooks, blithe sporting personality and owner of a handsome galloper called "Broadway Bill," who tosses position to the four winds in spite of protests of wealthy fiancée Frances Gifford and her tycoon father, Charles Bickford, to take Bill off for a fling at some of the big racing fixtures, has no purpose except to divert. It succeeds in a nice way.

It is also a field day for Bing Crosby, who, over the years, has acquired real comedy know-how. He shares some good tunes, and gambols into a romance with pretty Colleen Gray, playing a warmhearted girl whose affection for Bill is only exceeded by her love for his master.

For the rest, "Riding High" is all racecourse stuff in which sequences rattle along at a spanking pace. Director Capra has deftly caught the stimulating atmosphere of the sport as well as the warmth, humor, and pathos of its followers.

Lesser roles are filled by a team of seasoned old-timers, including Raymond Walburn, Gene Lockhart, William Demarest, Percy Kilbride, colored Clarence Muse, and Oliver Hardy. Such troupers are always good for a laugh.

In the final third, "Riding High" bogs down in one or two sticky cockney with a heart of gold. Massive Margaret Rutherford's character study of a verbose historical authority is the greatest personal triumph, while Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, playing baffled Government fixers trying to pass the buck, are always believable.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

### ★★ Passport to Pimlico

IN imparting a sense of prosaic reality to domestic comedy, particularly when it becomes

wryly fantastic as does "Passport to Pimlico," Michael Balcon and Ealing appear to have the edge on the rest of the British film industry.

This amusing Pimlico story is about a group of "little" people who are the very essence of England—storekeepers, fishmongers, policemen, barrowmen, and flower-sellers—in other words, the mild, patient, kind, and dependable residents of a London area who are plunged into fantastic events with the discovery of an ancient manuscript which establishes their Pimlico area as belonging to the Duchy of Burgundy.

Imagine the implications! The people of Pimlico are not slow to seize the chance provided to cut red-tape, flout restrictions, tear up ration-books, and generally have a high old time.

But these humdrum residents learn that independence is not all fun and freedom when they are declared foreigners, and London's Burgundy is invaded by an army of spies; when transport and telephone facilities cease within their barbed-wire stronghold, when the water supply is cut off during a heatwave, and His Majesty's Government moves in with a brand-new set of "must nots."

It is not possible to mention every character in the large and versatile cast, but the principals are Stanley Holloway as Pimlico-Mayor-become-Burgundian-civic-leader. Hermione Baddeley is excellent as a blousy cockney with a heart of gold. Massive Margaret Rutherford's character study of a verbose historical authority is the greatest personal triumph, while Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, playing baffled Government fixers trying to pass the buck, are always believable.

The romance that blossoms be-

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average

tween Barbara Murray and French Paul Dupuis is as subtle and amusing as the rest of the tale-telling.

In Sydney—the State.

### ★ Dancing in the Dark

WILLIAM POWELL, Betsy Drake, and Mark Stevens get the main credits in this 20th Century-Fox success story, which is set to tuneful music (but is not a musical in the accepted sense) and presented with a flourish of technicolor.

For a long time now the screen has had a sterling asset in William Powell, a mellow and suave artist, and on this occasion he gives a fine portrait of a down-at-heel matinee idol of a decade ago. Arrogant, proud, and objectionable, he lands a job as talent scout for the studio, through the good offices of Adolph Menjou, having repulsed the friendly hand of Motion Picture Relief.

His armor of selfishness begins to crack as he becomes interested in the career of motion-picture aspirant Betsy Drake, and crumbles altogether when he discovers she is his resentful daughter.

Emotional hurries are a hurdle until the happy solution arrives.

After a promising debut in "Every Girl Should Be Married," Betsy Drake's sparkle is somewhat dimmed by the panchromatic make-up of conventional Julie, but her personality is still warmly human. In addition, she sings fairly well, and her dancing passes muster.

As the other half of the romantic team, a stormy public relations expert, Mark Stevens is competent.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.



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OF FLESH CAN PASS THROUGH THAT WALL," ADDS  
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**THEY TURN AND STARE AT  
THE AMAZING CITY OF FLORA—  
A CITY MADE ENTIRELY OF PLANTS—  
A CITY GROWING FROM THE  
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**THE FLORIANS STARE  
CURIOUSLY AT MANDRAKE.  
NARDA AND LOTHAR AS  
THEY TOUR THE CITY.**



**THE CROWD FOLLOWS THEM, AS THEY  
INSPECT A PLANT HOUSE. "YES, THEY GROW  
FROM THE GROUND," EXPLAINS THE GUIDE.  
"THE SEEDS ARE CONTROLLED BY THE  
BUILDING COMMISSIONER."**



TO BE CONTINUED

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## Fisherman - 1950 style



Bill Wiaby of Hobart has been fishing off the Tasmanian coast for 35 years. Bill says, "When the fish are running we go out after them no matter what the weather. Often that means we're out in freezing winds that blow straight up from the Antarctic. That's when we're glad we have Bonox aboard." Just add hot water to Bonox and you have a rich, piping hot broth that sends concentrated beef surging into your bloodstream. Go after the cold with delicious Bonox — eat it and drink it for a j-i-i-t!

805

## Mason talks to European press

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in Paris

They say that James Mason is "doing a Garbo" on us. His is now the faraway brooding look, the "wanting to be alone" attitude, the desire to run away and wrap himself up in apparently inscrutable thoughts.

Some of my more cynical confreres are even hinting that James, always a keen student of publicity, is pulling his best line yet.

It is nearly four years, they point out, since Jimmie took himself, his wife Pamela, and a station-wagon full of cats off to Hollywood.

Though he hardly made a picture that is much spoken of during that time, he has nevertheless hit the world headlines with brisk and engaging regularity, whether fighting a protracted lawsuit, losing his cats, teaching baby Portland to swim, or giving umbrage to Hollywood and Britain impartially and outspokenly.

Throwing a pitcher at a rather critical theatre patron, who took a dislike to his first appearance on the Broadway stage and stood up to tell him so, was another whim.

So this beetle-browed terror who is now reported to be littering his return to Europe with "KEEP OUT" notices on cabin and hotel doors is not the James Mason I knew.

Preparatory to taking off for Spain, where he will star with Ava Gardner in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Jimmie is now installed in a small hotel off the Champs Elysees, which is patronised almost entirely by his countrymen-to-be, the Americans. He is taking American nationality, and in his four years there has overlaid his public school drawl with a coating of new vowels and soft R's.

Here, in a Paris hotel, he is at bay to Europe's Press. But to those who have ignored the "KEEP OUT" sign on the door, and walked straight-in, he has presented a disarming courtesy, frankness, and — yes, even hospitality.

A British columnist, noted neither for his popularity, his tact, nor his tenderness with fragile susceptibilities of our stars, was offered tea by a homely Mason in shirtsleeves. Half his British relatives clustered around James in his suite. It was a case of ogre meets ogre. But the columnist-ogre came away blinking and reformed.

Said he, and I caught a plaintive note, "I am still alive! Next to Orson Welles, Mason is the most stimulating actor I've talked with."

That's more like the James Mason I knew.

The thing that amazes them most is that James Mason has become subdued and quiet, a contrast to the forceful personality who four years ago shook the dust of the British studios from his feet — and has somehow never been forgiven for this. Only his frankness remains.

"When I criticised Mr. Rank and his organisation," he says, "it was made to appear that I was knocking the British Empire. If I criticised Hollywood the reader was left with the impression that I was pulling some elaborate confidence trick."

"When I was paid enormous sums for guesting on radio programmes, this was extortion. When I became a father I chose a silly name for my daughter and brought her up all wrong."

"I am not likely to be shown any mercy until I come through with a smash hit, though they cannot entirely ignore me as long as my name has any news value."

"My unpopularity will only be terminated by an irresistibly effective performance in a hit picture. This could happen. I do not feel

I have started to be a movie actor yet. Exciting changes are about to be made, exciting movies are to be made, perhaps even by me.

"But until I come through with that hit I am not expecting a kind word from the Press and I would be a fool to waste my time talking to them."

"An established star who appears often enough in good pictures would maintain his position even if his name never appeared in the papers. The less the movie-goer knows about an actor's private life the more interesting the actor seems."

About those exciting movies to be made — it is likely that Mason will make three European films in 1950. The first one, "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," is for a new independent British film company. The next two he wants to make himself.

When he was asked what he intended to call his new film company James hesitated. So his wife, dark-haired Pamela Kellino, took over.

"We call the company Portland Productions, after the baby," she said with a smile.

Little Portland has been sleeping soundly in their Paris suite. "She kept rather irregular hours on the way over," said James, now a

A CHARMING picture from Hollywood of James Mason happily watching over the first footsteps of his baby daughter, Portland. There is not much to be seen here of the "mean and moody" Mason which the screen has made so famous.

prouder father than he ever imagined he would be.

He and Pamela wrote a book called "The Child In Our Lives." With some of the frankness which characterises her husband, Mrs. Mason explained, "It's about two people who didn't want a child and had one by mistake. Then they discovered what fun it could be, and how to make the most of it."

Seventeen-months-old Portland is heroine of the story.

Much of Mason's curious Hollywood career is explained now. He seems not to have cared so much about what roles he got as what he could learn.

"When I left England it was with the set intention of learning all about Hollywood production methods, so that I could prepare myself to embark on film-making on my own. Also to study acting for a wider international public — yes, I'm always ready to learn more about acting."

"I have no illusions about that period, so far as my work is concerned. For me, it has been learning. I realise that in the time since I left England I have marked time as an actor. In fact, my career has been marking time."

"But, good gracious, I'm just turning 41. Surely I have some time to spare without getting anxious!"

"I've never thought particularly much of myself as an actor. The pictures themselves — new ideas, imaginative direction — have always interested me more than my own performances."

"Anyway, what's all this about my great promise and reputation before I left England? Why, some of the critics who have been lamenting about 'the lost Mason' are the very ones who used to be most satirical about my work."



JAMES and Pamela Mason and Siamese friend at home. Husband and wife collaborated on a delightful book, "The Child In Our Lives," published this month in England. It has already won outstanding success in the United States, not only among cat-lovers and admiring film fans, but among an even wider public, who enjoy it for its wit and philosophy.



*"You're wonderful!"*



SUSAN HAYWARD as she co-stars with DANA ANDREWS in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production "MY FOOLISH HEART."

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**1 BRITISH** detachment in Burma headed by bagpipe-playing Lachie (Richard Todd) runs into ambush. Lachie is hit and sent to hospital for operation. It is one day before end of the war and doctors know he won't recover.



**2 COMMANDING OFFICER**, Colonel Dunn (Anthony Nicholls), tells Sister Margaret (Patricia Neal) why Lachie is assigned to her ward.

## THE HASTY HEART ...



**3 GROUP** in same ward have as leader "The Yank" (Ronald Reagan), who doesn't like Scotsmen, but agrees to help out with Lachie.

BASED on the successful Broadway stage play by John Patrick, and adapted for the screen by Ronald MacDougall, "The Hasty Heart" is an account of the aftermath of the war action in Burma, and the locale is a hospital where a group of young men, including an African, an American, an Englishman, an Australian, and a New Zealander, are nursing their wounds under the ministrations of a sympathetic nurse.

The brotherhood of man is the theme of this modern tragedy, and director Vincent Sherman has sharpened the drama with suspense, humor, and realism.



**4 DOUR** Lachie repulses friendly advances. When men would ignore him, nurse asks them to persevere with Scot.



**5 KILTS** given Lachie as birthday gift by men break lonely Scot down. Yank becomes confidant and guide. Happy as never before, Lachie asks Margaret to marry him and she promises.



**6 GRIM** reaction follows advice from G.H.Q. that Lachie be told about health. He withdraws from ward-mates, convinced they have all been kind out of pity, decides to return home.



**7 PACKING** without any farewells, Lachie is tackled by furious Yank, who calls him down for going alone into friendless world, out of stubborn pride, when they are all his friends.



**8 CAMERA** being loaded for picture, all are delighted when Lachie reappears in kilts and asks them to let him stay. Yank gruffly accepts his return, and smiles wretched faces as ribbing starts.





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PAO:



GREGORY PECK, in a scene from the film "Captain Horatio Hornblower," in which he plays the name part, talks with Canadian star Robert Beatty, who has the role of Lieutenant Bush, first officer of the frigate Lydia and friend of Hornblower.

## Gregory Peck as Captain Hornblower in sea film

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Gregory Peck has achieved an ambition he has nursed for ten years. It is to play fiction's famous Captain Hornblower.

WE were sitting in his dressing-room at Denham, when he told me how he got the part.

This, his first British film, was being made on what they call "frozen dollars"—the money American films earn in Britain, but which they are not allowed to take out of the country.

"Warners bought the rights to 'Captain Horatio Hornblower' years ago," he said, stretching out his six-foot-three in an armchair, "so I buried my hopes then and there, because I thought it would go to one of their stars.

"But I was free at the same time that they found the right director—so they sent the script along to my agent to see what I would think of playing Hornblower.

"We took it with a great show of nonchalance, but it was only a matter of letting a decent, dignified amount of time elapse before I said yes!"

Gregory Peck brought to London his wife, Greta, and their three sons—Jonathan 6, Stephen 3, and baby Kerry, a young tough who has been looking upon this world with a certain watchful caution for six months.

The huge sound stage where "Captain Horatio Hornblower" is being conjured into existence by hordes of workmen, batteries of cameras, regiments of arc lights, and armies—or, more strictly, navies—of extras is choked with all the paraphernalia that ever cluttered up film-making.

The whole set is a forest of tubular scaffolding. Workers squirm in and out of it like monkeys. In a clearing in the middle, the full-sized frigate Lydia nestles on another geometric mass of scaffolding. Moved by unseen motors somewhere below, she ploughs and dips her way through an imaginary sea.

In his first nautical part, Gregory Peck approached his role of one of fiction's most famous sea heroes with the right mixture of seriousness and humility. For him it was another large bite into learning his job as an actor.

"I wouldn't be in anything else," Peck said, in that slow deep voice. "I reckon it's about the most wonderful job there is. You just go on learning and learning all the time and hoping that by the time you're

about fifty you might be fairly good.

"You know yourself better than the public or the critics do. Sometimes when you go in to see the day's rushes you immediately see some fault in yourself that even critical people might not spot. And you kick yourself and say, 'Gee—why did I have to do that?'"

"To me, every new day at the studio offers a challenge that I have to answer.

"I feel very strongly about sticking to one's own job, too. Acting is a full-time one, and you can keep learning all your life. I have no ambition to become a director, or a producer, or to tackle any other big studio job which dissipates your energy and leaves you less time for concentrating on your craft.

"My old contract with David Selznick is running out, and I am teaming up with Fox. That's because I admire the work of Darryl Zanuck above that of any other man in Hollywood, and I have a deep faith in him.

"He has started more great new trends in movie-making than anybody else, I think, and tackled more dangerous subjects, too.

"I want my career to be in the hands of a man like that, because you learn from him. When he calls you in on an idea you know he has given it a lot of thought. He tells you exactly why he thinks it would make a good film, and why he thinks each person would be right for his respective role. And he makes you see it, too."

Gregory Peck has such a serious approach to his job that it comes as a constant and embarrassing surprise to him to find himself besieged by fans waving autograph books and yelling—"Oo—GREGORY!"

In London he walked into a hotel to book a room. The clerk recognised him, said calmly, "Morning, Mr. Peck," and apologised for having no vacancies.

One of his friends commented that if it had been New York they would have had to fight the fans off or be trampled in the rush.

When he said this to Gregory, the answer was full of wonder. "Yeah—whaddya know? They treat you like a human being!"



GOAL! Only a few years back, it was not considered 'lady-like' to play basket-ball! Today, basket-ball is a favourite game throughout Australia—especially with the girls—who play it fast and well, and love every minute of it.



Good times and good chocolate go together. Your first taste proves the quality of Mac Robertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. That satisfying flavour of full-cream country milk, blended with super-smooth chocolate, lingers on your tongue. You can taste the Extra Cream. Ask for "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate in the quarter-pound block. Made by Mac Robertson, the Great Name in Confectionery.

E07

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## Skin Sores?

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Itches, Ringworm and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

**Nixoderm**

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.





## Some ideas on curve control

● "I like you just the way you are" is a comforting phrase to hear, especially if it's spoken by someone you care about.

**B**UT when it refers to your figure it is wise to accept the compliment with reservations so that you will not be lulled into security and finally find yourself with a shape that bulges hither and yon.

When you are sweet sixteen you can be a roly-poly and still look attractive, if the upholstery is evenly spread. But later on, overweight is quite a different story, for the padding seems to bank up in such unwanted places—on hips, around the waist, along the legs and upper arms.

After 30 birthdays, calorie pruning is a "must" for people who are inclined to put on weight.

On the other hand, "I'm on a diet" are fighting words in other quarters, because they automatically suggest faddy or starvation eating habits that make the banter haggard, waspish, and hard to get along with in the family circle.

But many a woman who has eaten herself out of a good figure does the reverse by the simple expedient of lopping 200 or 300 calories a day off her ordinary food. It can usually be done by avoiding between-meal nibbling, or by a slight rearrangement of the kinds of foods eaten.

This kind of dieting is slow, but it is practically painless and safe, seeing that most people habitually eat more than they need, anyway.

In other words, accent vitamin-packed menus; have broiled rather than fried meats and fish; fresh fruits two or three times a week instead of desserts. Cook vegetables so that they retain maximum mineral and vitamin content.

Whether under or over ideal weight, the same rules hold good for seekers of health and beauty—have a sound eating plan and do some suitable exercise.

The two are linked under the heading of figure care.

And, speaking of exercise, alibis are apt to take the place of daily physical jerks unless the willpower is whipped along, for, frankly, unless the daily dozen is refurbished with new routines at intervals, the whole thing can become the sort of bore that you seek to shelve.

It is only when the east-west line shows visible signs of shortening that those ten minutes dedicated daily to beauty seem worthwhile.

So do make a point of varying your exercises and perhaps include some of the simple kinds of massage mentioned later, which you can do for yourself to good effect.

For the most pleasant and beneficial body massage, of course, the services of a trained operator are needed. Obviously, some parts of the body (the spinal column, for instance) cannot be reached with your own hands to massage with any strength.

Once you experience the delightful sense of relaxation at the hands of an expert masseuse, you will always enjoy it.

Stretched full-length on a warm, wet bath-towel, the muscles are stroked, kneaded, slapped, and pommelled back and front, the skin is smoothed and hosed down, and you

By CAROLYN EARLE,  
Our Beauty Expert

are finally tucked away comfortably between blankets in a relaxed glow.

Of the numerous ways in which massage can be applied, pressing—a technique used for pepping up circulation, in which the thumbs rest on one point while the fingers describe smooth, deep, rhythmic circles—can be done by the individual, and will be found effective to warm up cold hands and feet.

Use the cushions of the four fingers of one hand to press in a series of circular movements on the back of the other hand, and up the outer side of the arm to the elbow. Press in circles, also on the inner side of the arm, over the wrist and up the inside of the arm, to the curve of the elbow. Press solidly in a pattern of overlapping circles that travels in the direction of the blood-vessels for warming purposes. Use both hands on each foot in turn.

Pinching is another adaptable movement when used to tone up flabby muscles. It sounds painful, but the speed with which it is done blurs the reaction. A fold of skin is picked up between the thumb and first and second fingers in a pinching movement, is released suddenly, and

**BODY MASSAGE** by an expert masseuse will ease tension, tone up the muscles, reduce weight, and leave a delightful feeling of relaxation that lasts for hours.

the hands shifted to pinch again and again in quick succession over the area involved.

Probably the need to reduce is the reason that impels most average women to sign up for a course of massage appointments.

This sort of treatment is certainly pleasant, easy, and lazy, with somebody else doing all the work for you.

It will work, too, but the catch is that you do not stay reduced after one course of massage unless you are also correcting diet and lazy habits to prevent the thickness returning.

In other words, professional massage can slim the waistline, narrow the hips, correct a double chin, but it will not KEEP the waist slim, the chin from doubling, and so on, unless you stop eating too much and exercising too little.

Fat acts as a cushion for the skin that covers it, and when a lot of padding disappears sometimes the skin falls into folds because it has nothing to keep it taut. Proper massage prevents this from happening by tightening down the skin and hardening down the muscles progressively.

To streamline lumpy legs employ your ten minutes for beauty in kneading, pressing, and wringing the fat away. Use some preparation to prevent friction—talcum powder has a quality known as "slip," which makes manipulation easier and prevents skin irritation.

Get down on to the floor for the job, and start by grasping one ankle with both hands, thumbs held together on top. Pressing deeply, in short hops work up to the knee. Return to starting point and repeat many times.

Vary by circling the hands from ankle to knee against each other, hard. Now grasp the flesh in both hands and knead it thoroughly.

Give yourself an abdominal massage, where it is needed, by lying flat on the back, stomach muscles relaxed, knees bent. Use both hands, and knead gently until the whole area is covered.

A wooden rolling-pin is the home-spun equivalent of the hand-roller used in beauty salons to discourage cushions of flesh across hips and along the inner thigh. The drill is to roll the cylinder back and forth vigorously with determination.



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Personally formulated by PEGGY SAGE in her New York Salon and used by distinguished women the world over, PEGGY SAGE will give you that added accent of exotic, glowing colour at your finger-tips... an added advantage is its long lasting quality—PEGGY SAGE is obtainable at all first class chemists and stores.



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**PROTECTION  
FOR ALL  
MINOR  
INJURIES**

For minor accidents, there is no dressing quite so comfortable as this British-made plaster which is adhesive and firm, but elastic and flexible. Flesh-coloured and inconspicuous, Elastoplast is wound on a convenient metal spool. 1" x 1 yd. long (stretching to 1½ yds.).

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E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER  
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the job that New Refined  
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before it starts.

W.293.W101g

## FIBROSITIS and Rheumatic Pain Fought in 30 Minutes

(Rheumatic type pains in  
muscles, hands, arms, shoul-  
ders, back, legs and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing  
pains in your joints, hands, back,  
shoulders, arms and legs due to Fibro-  
sitis, you should take Romind at meal-  
time. Romind is a recently developed formula  
and is now available in Australia at all  
Chemists to fight your disabling pains  
in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping  
pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes  
excess irritating acids and poisons which  
devitalize your muscles. 3. It kills cer-  
tain germs which infect muscles and  
joints.

Because of its three-way action Romind  
gives quick and positive results. Try it  
under the guarantee that it must satisfy  
completely or your money back on re-  
turn of empty flask. Get Romind from  
your Chemist to-day.

NOTE: Fibrositis is a disease related to  
Rheumatism, but is usually much more  
painful and requires a special  
treatment such as Romind.

**Romind**

IN coldest winter  
weather, in town or  
country, slip these  
fuzzy-wuzzy mitts (pic-  
tured above) over a pair  
of ordinary gloves.

AT RIGHT our model  
shows the Angora hood  
and gloves, specially de-  
signed for wear in the  
snow country or any-  
where else for charm  
and cosy warmth when  
winter winds blow.



## For the snow country

MAKE yourself this cosy An-  
gora hood, gloves — bow-  
trimmed for vanity — and mitts  
to slip over ordinary gloves for  
extra warmth.

Here are the directions:

**Materials:** Of Patons Fuzzy-Wuzzy  
Angora wool allow 2½ yds. balls for  
hood and 2½ each for gloves or mitts;  
1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles;  
2½ yds. of 3in.-wide ribbon; round  
elastic for wrists.

**Measurements:** Hood — Width  
round face, 18in. Gloves or Mitts—  
To fit 6½ to 7½ glove size.

**Tension:** 8 sts. and 12 rows to lin.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl;  
sts., stitches; st-st., stocking-stitch;  
beg., beginning; tog., together; inc.,  
increase; dec., decrease; in., inches;  
rep., repeat; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass  
slipped stitch over.

### HOOD

#### MAIN PART

Cast on 44 sts. and work 18in. in  
st-st. Cast off.

#### BACK GUSSET

Cast on 9 sts. and work in st-st.  
but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every  
8th row until there are 23 sts. Work  
5 rows without shaping, then work as  
follows:

**Next Row:** Take 2 tog., work to  
last 2 sts., take 2 tog. Work 2 rows  
without shaping. Rep. these 3 rows  
once more. Dec. 1 st. at both ends  
of next row and next 3 alternate  
rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of  
next 3 rows. Cast off.

#### NECKBAND

Cast on 32 sts. and work in st-st.,  
but dec. 1 st. at both ends of every  
8th row until 16 sts. remain. Con-  
tinue without shaping until work  
measures 20½in. from beg. Inc. 1  
st. at both ends of next row and  
every 8th row following until there  
are 32 sts. Work 7 rows without  
shaping. Cast off.

#### BRIM

Cast on 25 sts. and work in st-st.,  
but dec. 1 st. at beg. of every 4th  
row until 16 sts. remain. Continue  
without shaping until work measures  
15in. from beg., ending at shaped  
edge. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row  
and at same edge on every following  
4th row until there are 25 sts. Work  
3 rows without shaping. Cast off.

### GLOVES

#### Both Alike

\*\* Cast on 80 sts. and work 3in.  
in st-st., ending with a p row.

**Next Row:** (K 2 tog.) twice, \* k  
1, k 2 tog.; rep. from \* to last 4  
sts., (k 2 tog.) twice (52 sts.). Work  
11 rows in st-st., then shape for  
thumb as follows:

**1st Row:** K 25, k into loop be-  
tween needles, k 2, k into loop be-  
tween needles, k 25. Work 2 rows  
without shaping.

**4th Row:** P 25, p into loop be-  
tween needles, p 4, p into loop be-  
tween needles, p 25. Continue to  
inc. in this way on every 3rd row  
until there are 66 sts., ending with  
an inc. row.

**Next Row:** P.

**Next Row:** K 41, turn, cast on 1,  
p into back of cast-on st., p 16, turn,  
cast on 1.

**Next Row:** K 18. Work 2½in. on  
these 18 sts., ending with a p row.

**Next Row:** (K 2 tog.) 9 times.  
Break off wool, run end through  
remaining sts., draw up and fasten  
off. Join thumb seam. With right  
side of work facing you, pick up and  
k 2 sts. from base of thumb, k to  
end.\*\* Continue in st-st. over all  
sts. for 1½in., ending with a p row.

**First Finger.—Next Row:** K 33,  
turn, cast on 1, p into back of cast-  
on st., p 14, turn, cast on 1.

**Next Row:** K 16. Work 3in. on  
these sts., ending with a p row.

**Next Row:** (K 2 tog.) 8 times.  
Now complete finger as for thumb.  
Join seam.

**Second Finger:** With right side of  
work facing you, pick up and k 2  
sts. from base of previous finger,  
k 6, turn, cast on 1, p into back of  
cast-on st., p 14, turn, cast on 1.

**Next Row:** K 16. Work 3½in. on  
these sts. and complete as given for  
first finger.

**Third Finger:** Work as given for  
second finger, but make this finger  
3in. in length.

**Fourth Finger:** With right side of  
work facing you, pick up and k 2  
sts. from base of third finger, k re-  
maining 7 sts.

**Next Row:** P 16. Continue on  
these sts. for 2½in., then complete as  
given for previous fingers. Join  
finger and side seam in one.

Continued on page 64

Re-style your face

to instant glamor with a

*1-Minute Mask*

Tonight—before you go out—whenever you want  
to look your very loveliest—smooth on a silken  
1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

*First*—Smooth a cool white mask of  
Pond's Vanishing Cream over your  
whole face—except eyes.

*Instantly*—The "keratolytic" action of  
Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens  
dried skin flakes. Dissolves them.

*Then*—After just one minute, tissue off  
clean. You're lovelier! Your com-  
plexion looks radiant! Clearer,  
silkier, more velvety smooth!

A perfect powder base, too!



Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt Jr.

one of America's most popular young society matrons, says: "A  
1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a delightful  
way to refresh my skin before an important evening. It brightens  
my skin so quickly. Gives it a new smoothness that's wonderful  
for make-up."

## POND'S VANISHING CREAM

#CO-7



**Indigestion-  
STOMACH  
PAIN—**

Wherever you are when  
indigestion strikes, you  
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And that's easy!—just  
suck two Digestif  
Rennies, one after the  
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ant-tasting tablets con-  
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require no glass of water  
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*Serve it Hot!  
Serve it Cold!*

# Mello

*Delicious every way*



**Mello** — so simple, so useful"

*says Betty King*

"Serve it alone as a complete-in-itself pudding . . . or with hot or cold fruit. Or try the variety of recipes in every packet . . . simple-to-fix miracles of goodness . . . warm wonders for winter days . . . pies brimming with lusciousness, steamed puddings and all-year-round flavour-filled taste-tempting desserts". All Mello recipes are tested and endorsed by Betty King, Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd.

## Mello APPLE ARGOSIES

Spicy baked apples, luxing in a sea of rich chocolate . . . rosy apple jelly up aloft signalling a welcome to healthy appetites. Another Mello marvel for your family to call "favourite".

1 packet Chocolate Mello • 1 pint Milk,  
4 cooking apples • sugar • butter and lemon-rind  
apple jelly • jam or cherries

4 mouth-watering servings — sheer pleasure for everybody . . . including the cook!

Core those apples . . . fill with sugar and grated lemon rind, top with butter and gently bake. Then Mello . . . so easy to follow directions for this placid ocean of lush chocolate. Decorate with apple jelly, jam, or cherries (add unwhipped cream or cream substitute if you're feeling laziali) and "bon voyage". Equally delicious with Caramel Mello.



### VANILLA

Smooth as cream and twice as flavoursome. Lavish it on tinned berries — or spoon it into nests of crushed cornflakes, mixed with shortening and sugar.



### CARAMEL

De-licious! Pour it over pears, or top it with sieved apple. Makes a piece of cake a joy ("specially if you top it with mock cream and jam).



### CHOCOLATE

Just the flavour-strength you like. Thick, rich, luscious. Wonderful so many ways. Beautiful with bananas, perfect in a pie.



**TRY THE 3 EXQUISITE FLAVOURS!**

MD.BWWFPC



# Upside DOWN



By Our Food and  
Cookery Experts

● There are tricks in turning out upside-down puddings. Let the baked pudding stand 5 or 6 minutes before turning out. This gives the caramel and fruit a chance to settle and the pudding is more likely to leave the dish cleanly.

**SAVORY** "upside downs" do not present the same problem. If the tin is greased generously and dusted lightly with browned crumbs, or just greased (omitting the crumbs), the mixture will turn out quite easily if allowed to stand for a minute or two. Sometimes loosening the edges with a knife helps.

Remember all spoon measurements are level.

## HAWAIIAN MEAT LOAF

Three cups chopped cold cooked meat (or in an emergency use diced or minced tinned luncheon meat), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon very finely chopped onion, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown gravy (saved from a previous meal), 2 tablespoons tomato sauce or puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch herbs, pepper, salt, 1 egg, pineapple cubes, cloves, strips of green pepper, browned crumbs.

Combine meat, parsley, onion, breadcrumbs, gravy, sauces, herbs, pepper and salt. Allow to stand while tin is prepared. Grease loaf-tin very thickly on sides and bottom. Coat sides with browned crumbs, shaking out surplus crumbs without allowing any to settle on base of tin. Stick pineapple cubes with cloves and arrange in pineapple shape on bottom of greased loaf-tin. Arrange green pepper strips to form leaves. Dust any uncovered portions of base of tin with crumbs. Pack meat mixture in carefully without disarranging pineapple pattern. Sprinkle top of loaf with crumbs, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out to hot

serving dish. If desired, sauteed pineapple slices may be served with the loaf.

## MACARONI AND FRANKFURT COBBLER

Two cups cooked macaroni,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups thick white sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon each diced parboiled red and green pepper, salt, pepper, 1 lb. frankfurts, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons very finely chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped cooked celery,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, parsley.

Mix macaroni with 1 cup of the sauce, cheese, red and green pepper. Season with salt and pepper, fill into greased 7 in. or 8 in. square or round tin. Skin frankfurts, chop finely or slice thinly or put through mincer. Mix with balance of white sauce, crumbs, onion, celery, tomato puree, and sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into tin on top of macaroni. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Turn on to hot serving dish. If desired, appearance may be improved by holding back some of the macaroni mixture, heating it, and spooning on top of cobbler when turned out of tin. Garnish with parsley.

## APRICOT AND PRUNE UPSIDE DOWN

Three dessertspoons margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, cooked dried apricots, cooked prunes.

**Cake Mixture:** Two ounces margarine or butter 3oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, mint leaves and apricot halves to decorate.

**Scone Dough:** Six ounces self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese (may be omitted),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk.

prunes. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spread over fruit in tin, being careful not to move fruit. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F. gas, 450 deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand for 5 or 6 minutes for caramel to settle before turning out to hot serving dish. Serve hot with custard, cream or substitute, or ice-cream. Decorate dish with mint leaves and apricot halves.

## TOPSY-TURVY MEAT PIE

**Meat Mixture:** One pound pork sausages,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped skinned tomatoes and 1 large sliced tomato, 1 tablespoon diced onion and 1 medium-sized thinly sliced onion, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled green pepper, 4 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, browned crumbs.

**Scone Dough:** Six ounces self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese (may be omitted),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk.



HERE are upside-down dishes that taste as good as they look. Hawaiian meat loaf cleverly decorated with pineapple may be served hot or cold; macaroni and frankfurts cobbler, topsy-turvy meat pie, and apricot-and-prune upside-down pudding are best served piping hot.

## PEACH UPSIDE DOWN

Six small peach halves,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped peach pulp,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups peach syrup, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 egg, sugar, slices of stale bread.

Grease a cake-tin thickly, dust with brown sugar. Place peach halves on bottom of tin; line sides with strips of bread lightly browned in hot fat. Mix peach pulp, syrup, breadcrumbs, spice, and beaten egg. Sweeten with sugar. Fill into tin. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F. gas, 450 deg. F. electric) approximately 30 minutes. Turn out, serve at once.



**BRIGHT  
and early..**



*..after a good, sound sleep*

**... thanks to  
BOURN-VITA**

Active young bodies need rest to replace energy, and maintain health and vigour. A cup of delightful Bourn-vita before bed and youngsters are off almost before their heads touch the pillow — set for the kind of sleep that refreshes—fits them for another busy day.

Bourn-vita is a food as well as a delicious drink. Chocful of natural goodness — barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and chocolate, it builds health while you sleep. Bourn-vita is your tastiest way to essential vitamins, calcium, phosphorous, iron, and diastase.

Bourn-vita comes in two sizes the one pound tin is 4/6 and the half-pound tin 2/6. Try this wonderful, easy way to family health... ask today for



**Cadbury's  
BOURN-VITA**

The greatest health drink  
of them all!



V16/2FC/9



SOMETHING NEW for you to try! An unusual fruity topping adds interest to a simple butter cake, and when the trimming is whipped cream, passionfruit, and cherries the cake becomes something to remember. See prize recipe on this page.

## Novelty cake topping

**W**AFER-THIN apple slices, rolled oats, breadcrumbs, and passionfruit make an unusual topping for the cake which wins this week's main prize of £5.

Decorated with whipped cream and glace cherries, the cake is an attractive addition to the afternoon tea or supper table.

The recipe which wins a consolation prize is worth adding to your collection.

Crumb-topped seasoned greens suggests a way of serving spinach that is appetising, and also makes use of the white stalks which are sometimes discarded.

### NOVELTY APPLE CAKE

**Cake:** Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1-3rd cup milk.

**Fruit Topping:** Two small cooking apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 or 2 passionfruit (when in season), 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, pinch cinnamon, extra tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, whipped cream or substitute and cherries to decorate.

**Cake:** Cream shortening with sugar. Add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Mixture should be stiff. Press into greased 7in. tin. Prepare fruit topping.

**Fruit Topping:** Peel and core apples, cut into wafer-thin slices. Sprinkle with the 1 cup sugar. (This is best done before starting to mix the cake.) Allow to stand a while, arrange evenly over top of cake mixture in tin. Squeeze passionfruit pulp over. Mix oats, crumbs, cinnamon, and extra sugar; moisten with

orange juice. Sprinkle over fruit. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) approximately 30 minutes. Remove carefully from tin to avoid breaking topping. When quite cold, cut into wedges (or blocks if cooked in a square tin) and decorate each portion with whipped cream and a cherry.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. G. Russack, 32 Farrant St., Prospect, S.A.

### CRUMB-TOPPED SEASONED GREENS

One bunch young spinach, salt, pepper, nut of butter, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup finely minced ham or chopped, cooked bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped ham fat or fat from cooked bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, tomato pulp, 1 1/2 cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, extra 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, parsley.

Wash spinach leaves thoroughly under running water. Cut white stalks off, chop into 1in. lengths, drop into boiling salted water. Cook steadily until soft. Cook green leaves in usual way, season with salt, pepper, and nut of butter. Mix stalks and leaves together, place half in greased ovenware dish. Mix breadcrumbs, ham or bacon, ham fat, onion, and horseradish sauce. Moisten with tomato pulp, spread over greens in dish. Add balance of spinach. Flavor the white sauce with half the cheese, pour over spinach. Top with balance of cheese mixed with extra crumbs. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated, about 20 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Knox, 13 Seaview St., Waverley, N.S.W.



THIS SAVORY DISH of hot seasoned greens is guaranteed to please even those who think they don't like spinach. Easily prepared and good to eat, the greens may be served this way with almost any grilled, baked, or boiled meat. See recipe.

**SAN-BRAN**



**a clear lovely  
skin comes from  
within!**

SAN-BRAN is a top-ranking beauty treatment because it is a natural aid to regularity and inner health. Specially milled from wheat and deliciously toasted, it provides essential food bulk—is baby-gentle in its action—and contains important mineral elements. Add SAN-BRAN to your breakfast cereal tomorrow—for a clearer, lovelier skin. From all grocers.

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## HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

Keep your underarms and legs satin-smooth with this amazing hair-removing cream. VEET dissolves away ugly unwanted hair deep down below the skin surface. No risk of cuts; leaves no stubble like the razor. Successful results guaranteed with VEET or money refunded.



At all chemists  
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## Relieve NASAL SORENESS due to colds

Don't suffer—when your nose feels dried out, or sore, apply Cuticura Ointment to aid quick relief. Always keep a tin handy—good for cuts, bruises and sores. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 5/3

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OINTMENT**

*What's Cooking?*  
**Gravox**  
*of Course!*  
delicious rich brown  
**Gravy**  
Buy Gravox and save Money!



*Super **NEW** Album now available for  
the latest coloured picture cards*

# "FAMOUS PEOPLE and PLACES"



**4<sup>D</sup>**  
AT ALL  
GROCCERS

A lasting source of pleasure for all children, this brand new album provides a permanent record for the very latest fascinating picture card series. Bringing you life-like pictures of world-famous characters and places with full written descriptions, these absorbing and educational cards are included in every packet of delicious, appetising Crispies, Vita-Brits and Weeties — packed for lasting freshness in wax sealed packets. Get your Album now and start collecting the complete series of 64 cards. Remember, it pays to buy the giant family size packets. Mother gets greater value—you get more cards.





Best part  
of the  
School  
day!



## Sanitarium PEANUT BUTTER\*

—milled FRESH, while the peanuts  
are still hot from the ovens!

The best part of every boy's day is lunch-time especially when there are delicious SANITARIUM Peanut Butter sandwiches included in his lunch. Milled FRESH, while the peanuts are still hot from the oven — to keep flavour and goodness in—it has the kind of 'more-please' flavour that children love—provides the kind of body-building nourishment active youngsters need! Order from your grocer TO-DAY!



\*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.

One of the Natural Foods!

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## The Price of GOOD HEALTH

'Sanatogen' is a little more expensive than ordinary tonics. This is due to the meticulous care used in the complicated scientific processes involved in its preparation and manufacture. Both formula and ingredients conform with the rigid standards of the medical profession, whose members have written over 25,000 letters endorsing 'Sanatogen' as an effective Tonic Food in conditions of ill-health and general lassitude. No other tonic, irrespective of price, can give such positive proof of its worth. Throughout the Continent, Great Britain and most other countries of the world 'Sanatogen' has been acclaimed as the finest restorative yet discovered. No other tonic will give you such new strength, such new energy, such new power to resist illness—and all at a cost of less than 1/- per day. Take out this wonderful insurance against ill-health. Start a course of 'Sanatogen' and Enjoy Life.

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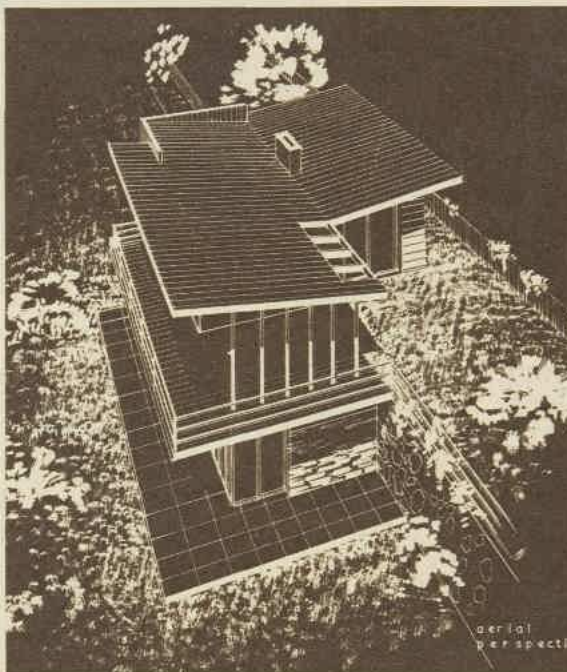
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view from lower level

EASTERN ASPECT: Rear view of attractive house in timber and stone with large glass areas, and walls in living section which fold up like a concertina. House designed by Warwick Kells and Leo Grimpel, North Cremorne, N.S.W.

## HOME ON TWO LEVELS FOR FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE



aerial perspective

● When planning a home, the primary aim is to design a place pleasant to live in. Particular needs of future owners and the finance available are most important, but the site must also be considered.

IN many areas which have been opened up lately, uneven land with rocky outcrops has caused building problems. These sites are more expensive to build on, but this is counterbalanced by the lower cost of the land.

The young designers of the home shown on these pages—Warwick Kells and Leo Grimpel—took full advantage of the peculiarity of the site. Because of a sudden drop in the level of the land, their design is for a house on two levels. The approach to the site is on the higher level at the west, so the living section is here. This higher level of the house also extends over the lower floor, the bedroom wing.

The combination of wood and timber is distinctive; the lower level and chimney are in uncoursed, squared stone. Weatherboards are used for the upper level.

The low-pitched roof has an unusual inward slope; it is called a "butterfly" roof. It is sheathed with three layers of bituminous compound and surfaced with white quartz crystals. Most of the sun's rays are reflected by the quartz, which acts as thermal insulation.

A wide entry porch leads into a centrally placed hall, which gives access to the living quarters, bedroom wing, and kitchen.

There are no separate dining and living rooms; the dining section forms a bay off the living-room. Both dining section and living-room have extensive glass walls which fold away like a concertina. This section faces north and east, and so receives plenty of summer breeze and sun.

A cantilevered balcony on the east and a deck to the north provide for outdoor living.

The deck is protected by an over-lap of the roof from the main house. Since it is on a level with the top shelf of ground, the deck is easily accessible.

The two bedrooms can be reached by the stairs from the entrance hall. Both lead on to a patio and lawn through large glass doors, which let in the morning sun. Between the bedrooms is a bathroom. Provision has also been made for wash-basin and toilet upstairs.

The large kitchen has ample cupboard space, and features many labor-saving devices. The laundry, also on the lower level, is some distance from the kitchen, but close to the drying yard.

THIS SKETCH shows shape of "butterfly" roof and drop in land. Bedrooms are on the lower level, also laundry. Living quarters are at street level. Entrance with staircase to lower level is centrally placed. See plans opposite page.

## For the snow country

Continued from page 59

### Relieving maternal discomforts

BY SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

TREATING and relieving minor discomforts of pregnancy may prevent development of many further complications.

These disorders may be digestive disturbances, such as nausea, vomiting, heartburn, or constipation, or they may be due to pressure which causes swellings of the feet and legs (and sometimes of the hands and face), muscle cramps, shortness of breath, varicose veins, and haemorrhoids.

If any of these conditions arise you should see your doctor at once.

A leaflet describing simple treatment for some of these discomforts can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is sent with the request.

### MITTS

Both Alike

Work as given for gloves from \*\* to \*\*. Work 3/4 in. without shaping, ending with a p row. Shape top as follows:

1st Row: (K 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 20, k 2 tog, k 1) twice. Work 2 rows without shaping.

Next Row: (P 1, p 2 tog, p 18, p 2 tog, p 1) twice. Continue to dec. 4 sts. on every 3rd row until 20 sts. remain, ending with a p row.

Next Row: \* K 2 tog; rep. from \* to end. Break off wool, draw up and fasten off.

### TO MAKE UP

Face the neckband and brim of hood with ribbon. Fold main part in half with cast-on and cast-off edges together, then sew in back gusset with rounded end at top. Sew neckband to lower edge of hood, leaving ends to tie. Sew long straight edge of brim round front of hood. Face cuffs of gloves with ribbon. Draw up the outer seam of gloves for about 2 in., and finish with a bow of ribbon as shown in photograph. Sew up side seams of mitts and face cuffs with ribbon as given for the gloves.





WELL MADE, clean, and modern in design is the dining-room furniture pictured above. This utility furniture, fashioned from laminated plywoods, is mass produced by English manufacturers and sells at a very reasonable price.

## New furniture from London

● Clive Latimer and Robin Day, of London, who recently won first prize in New York's Low Cost Furniture Competition, have designed some interesting modern pieces, some of which are illustrated in picture below.



DINING-ROOM FURNITURE by Robin Day and Clive Latimer is shown right. The dining-table is of cantilever construction, with a top in ash and having inlaid rosewood stripes running lengthwise. The supremely comfortable chairs are of rosewood upholstered in calf-skin with the hair attached.

## FREE! Books on Dressmaking

POST the coupon below today, and by return mail you will get a thrilling new book about Dressmaking, Dress Designing, and Dress Alteration. Make your clothes modern at little cost. become really clever yourself with the needle—it's so easy and exciting this way.



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## GLORIOUS CAMELLIAS

EARLY camellias are now starting to bloom, and gardeners wishing to buy them should get them while in flower and immediately set them out in semi-shady, protected positions.

To ensure success with these choice but rather expensive shrubs, make sure your soil is rich, well drained, loamy, well supplied with humus, and sufficiently acid. Keep the shrubs well mulched with leaf mould, rotted manure or compost, and water regularly.

If the soil is naturally heavy, prepare it well ahead of planting time and add some sand—up to 20 per cent. or more for very heavy, clayey soil. You can also add one part of leaf mould or rotted tanbark to three parts of soil. If the soil is very light and sandy, add plenty of rotted manure of any kind and other decayed vegetable matter.

To make soil sufficiently acid, give the shrubs, after planting, a dressing of 2oz. of aluminium sulphate or sulphur. Annual dressings of a similar character should ensure a satisfactory condition of the soil. Good drainage is essential.

Planting should be done during the cooler months of the year. Allow at least 8ft. of space between plants, and never set them less than 3ft. from wall or fence.

For shrubs 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. tall, dig holes not less than 20in. in diameter and about 20in. deep. Break up the subsoil if hardpan exists below, and add plenty of sand. Set the shrubs in position and fill in with good soil all round and firm well. Leave a saucer-shaped depression all round to hold water, and water well. For mulching purposes use old cow manure that has broken up into good brown humus. Apply a layer about 2in. deep all round. Leaf mould can be added and will help to feed the shrubs. This can be done in spring and again in summer.

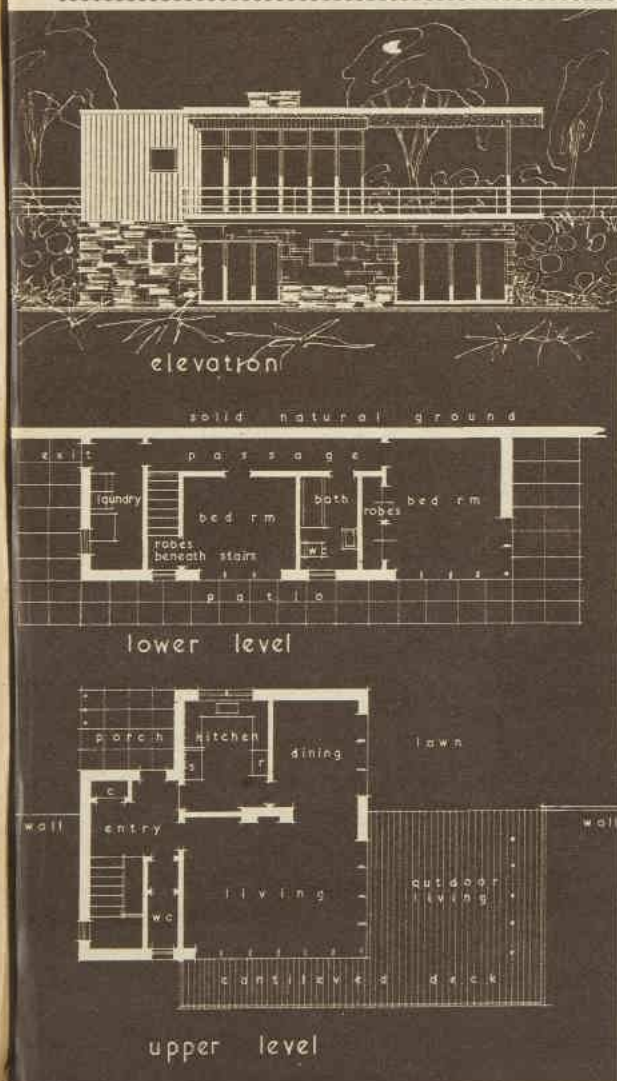
Water well during very windy or hot dry weather, but never allow the ground to become sodden. Avoid lime, for camellias, generally, are lime haters.—Our Home Gardener.

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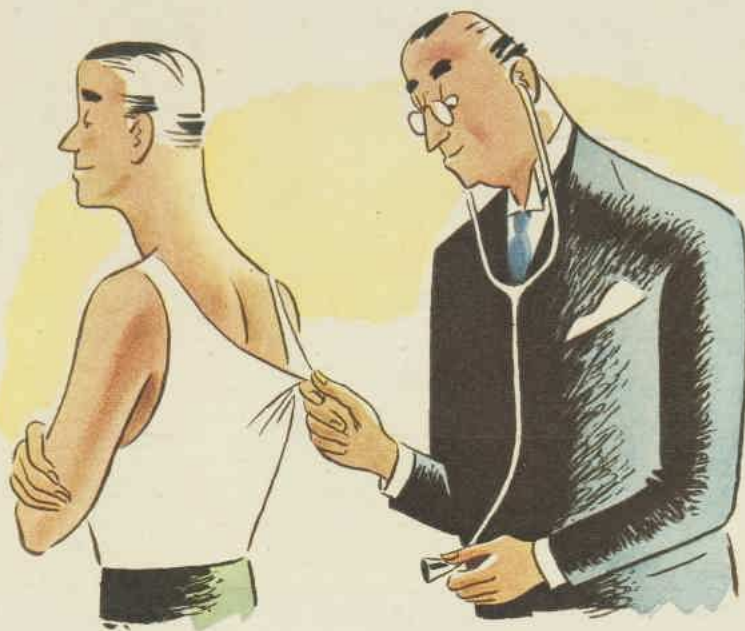
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PLANS FOR HOUSE to be built on two levels. Overall area of plan is 1650 square feet. Elevation sketch (top) shows glass walls, overhanging roof. See pictures and story opposite page.





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**MORLEY "KANTSHRINK"**  
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woollens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.



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interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit — and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

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F359



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 358.—DRESSING-GOWN

Warm and comfortable dressing-gown is cut out ready to make in British floral winceyette in cream, pink, and blue grounds with dainty floral design. Sizes: Length 29in., 2yrs., price 11/3, regd. postage 1/-; length 31in., 3yrs., price 12/11, regd. postage 1/2; length 33in., 4yrs., price 13/11, regd. postage 1/3; length 37in., 5-6yrs., price 15/3, regd. postage 1/3.

### No. 359.—THROWOVER

Pretty design traced ready to work on white, blue, lemon, pink, or green organdie. Lace to finish is not supplied. Size: 36in. x 36in. Price 6/11 and 4d. postage.

### No. 360.—BABY'S PILLOWCASE

Traced ready to embroider, this baby's pillowcase is in pastel tones of white, blue, lemon, pink, and green in organdie; also cream flannelette. Lace to finish is not supplied. Size: 11in. x 17in. Price (organdie), 3/9 and 4d. postage; (flannelette), 2/6 and 4d. postage.

### Nos. 361-362.—APRONS

Two very attractive aprons cut out ready to make in British floral cotton in tonings of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. No. 361, price 5/11, plus 8d. postage; No. 362, price 4/11, plus 6d. postage.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 358, 359, 360, 361, and 362 please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

F361



F362

## Fashion PATTERNS

F6016



F6017



F5875



F6015



## Pattern for beginners

F6017. — Beginner's pattern for a chic shirt-blouse. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/3.

F6015.—Smart suit with all-round pleated skirt and fitted jacket. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

F6016. — Child's tailored blazer. Sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 1 to 1½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F6018.—One-piece with unusual panel effects. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F6019.—Dress with shirt-waist bodice top, can be cut with long or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5875. — Maternity dressing-gown styled with adjustable fullness. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 49.

F6018



F6019



F6019



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There's new pleasure in your home-cleaning when you have a HOTPOINT to do the hard work! No back-bending toil—the HOTPOINT glides smoothly over your carpets and the famous three cleaning actions ... tapping out dirt ... combing up lint and strong suction leave your floor coverings fresh and bright. For "above-floor" cleaning—curtains and venetian blinds picture-rails bookshelves, upholstery—there's a complete range of attachments available.

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